

H  
O  
R  
R  
O  
R



NO. 37  
JULY

LINE 10



10¢

# THE VAULT OF

# HORROR<sup>®</sup>

FEATURING...



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



JOHN  
CRAIG



# THE NEWSDEALERS OF AMERICA ARE SCREAMING...

## STOPPIT!



BECAUSE, WITH JUST ONE DAY'S DISPLAY...

# POOF! THERE GOES PANIC!

SO IF YOU'RE **SELF CONSCIOUS** IN A **B.O. (BUYING OUT)** CROWD... IF **PANIC** GOES **POOF!** TOO QUICKLY WHERE YOU BROWSE... IF YOU'D RATHER NOT **PERSPIRE** TILL THE **NEXT ISSUE** COMES IN... THEN **SUBSCRIBE!** FILL OUT THE **COUPON**, ENCLOSE **ONE DOLLAR** FOR **EIGHT (8) ISSUES**, AND **MAIL!** JUST GIVE THE ENVELOPE A **GENTLE SQUEEZE**, AND **POOF!...** SAY GOODBYE TO **ORDER PROBLEMS!** THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE LEFT TO WORRY ABOUT THEN IS AN **OFFENSIVE MAILMAN!**

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF PANIC  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00). PLEASE RUSH ME THE NEXT EIGHT DEODORIZED ISSUES OF **PANIC**. I WANT TO SAY '**POOF!**' TO MY FRIENDS!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN! IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER GRUESOME WHIRLWIND OF *TERROR*! AH, YES! THE *SADISTIC EVIL* TRAPPED IN THE VOLUMINOUS CONFINES OF *THE VAULT* HAVE ONCE AGAIN BEEN UNLEASHED TO *PLAGUE* AND *MYSTIFY* YOU! THE *AWESOME* MAGNITUDE OF THE *POWERS OF DARKNESS* WILL ONCE MORE... OH! PARDON ME FOR BEING SO *RUDE*! I NEGLECTED TO INTRODUCE MY *COMPANION*! HEH, HEH! FIENDS, I WANT YOU TO MEET *DRUSILLA* ...*HOSTESS OF THE VAULT OF HORROR*! YOU MAY RECALL SEEING HER BEFORE... SHE'S BEEN GLIDING IN AND OUT OF THIS PLACE FOR SOME TIME! I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE HER STAND AROUND LOOKING BEAUTIFUL! HEH, HEH! ANYWAY... LET'S GET ON WITH THE *HAIR-RAISER* CALLED...

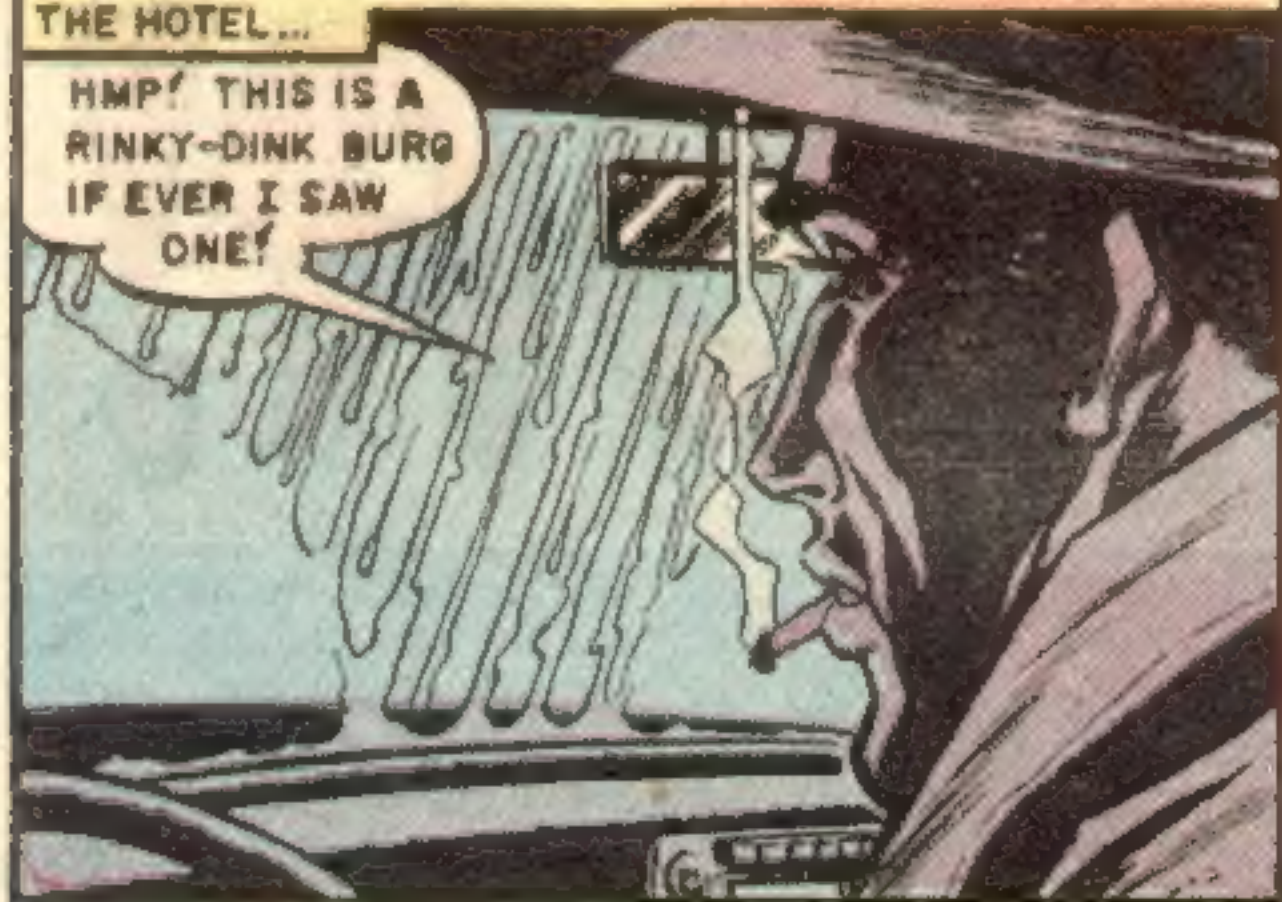
## SURPRISE PARTY!





THE CAR NOSED THROUGH THE DESERTED, RAINY STREETS UNTIL ITS GOAL WAS SIGHTED AND IT DREW ABREAST OF THE TOWN'S ONLY HOTEL. THE DRIVER SHUT THE IGNITION AND LEANED BACK. HE SURVEYED THE STREET... THE HOTEL...

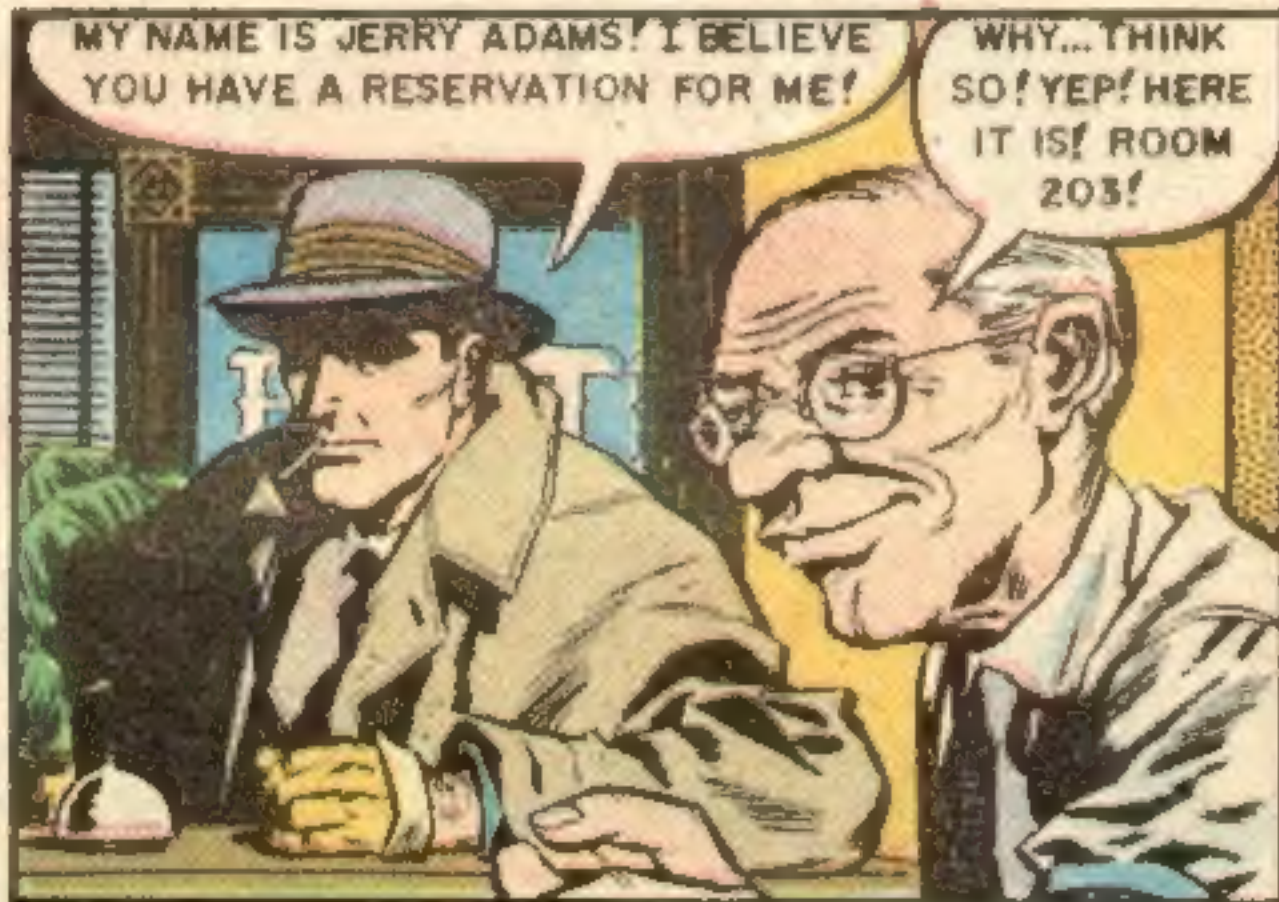
HMP! THIS IS A RINKY-DINK BURG IF EVER I SAW ONE!



WITH AN EFFORT HE STEPPED FROM THE CAR, HUNCHING HIS SHOULDERS AGAINST THE RAIN. HE LIFTED A SUITCASE AND BROUGHT IT INTO THE SLEEPING HOTEL, PLACED IT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THE DESK CLERK...

MY NAME IS JERRY ADAMS! I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A RESERVATION FOR ME!

WHY... THINK SO! YEP! HERE IT IS! ROOM 203!



AN HOUR LATER HE WAS PACING HIS ROOM LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL...

THIS HICK TOWN IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE A GUY NUTS! IT'S ONLY 9:30 AND ALREADY THE PLACE IS DEAD!



THE PEOPLE MUST DO *SOMETHING* FOR EXCITEMENT! MAYBE THE DESK-CLERK WILL HAVE AN IDEA! I CAN'T JUST STARE AT THESE WALLS ALL EVENING!



HE SLIPPED INTO HIS COAT, WALKED DOWN THE FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

EXCITEMENT? SHUCKS, MISTER... AIN'T NOTHING BUT A *MOVIE HOUSE*... IN THE NEXT TOWN, ABOUT SIX MILE!

THAT'S ALL, EH? WELL, I GUESS IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING! THANKS!



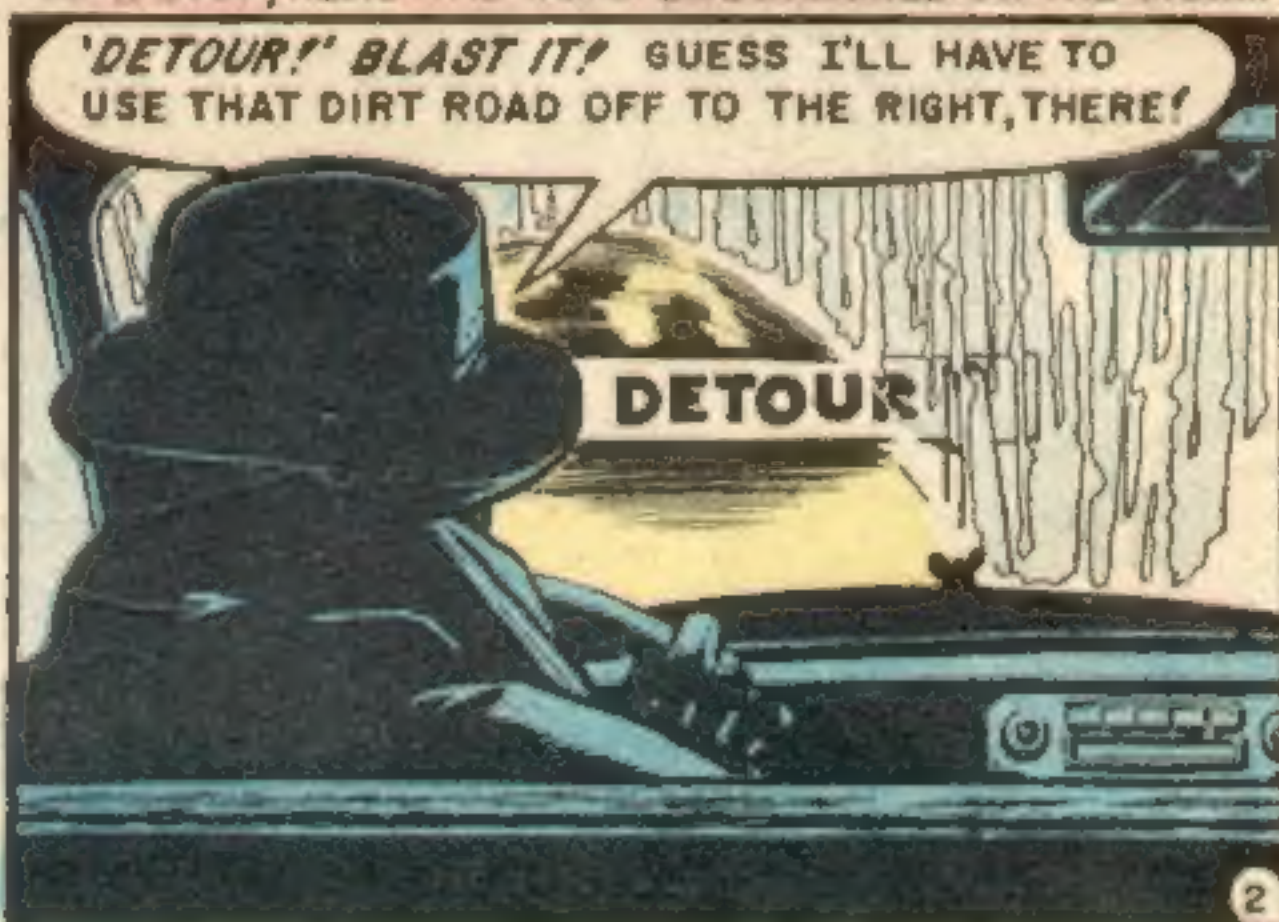
HE DROVE AWAY FROM THE TOWN, HEADED OUT ON THE MAIN ROAD TOWARD DALTON'S CORNERS, SIX MILES DISTANT...

AH! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! I DON'T CARE *WHAT* PICTURE'S PLAYING, AS LONG AS I'M OUT OF THAT HOTEL ROOM!



THE CAR KNIFED THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR FOR MANY MINUTES UNTIL ITS HEADLIGHTS PICKED OUT AN OBJECT IN THE ROAD AHEAD. JERRY ADAMS BRAKED THE CAR TO A STOP, READ THE WORD EMBLAZONED ON THE SIGN...

'*DETOUR!*' BLAST IT! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THAT DIRT ROAD OFF TO THE RIGHT, THERE!





HE SLAMMED THE CAR INTO GEAR, TURNED ONTO THE SIDE ROAD. HE WENT SLOWLY, EASING THE CAR THROUGH THE CLUSTERS OF BRANCHES THAT DRAPED FROM OVERHANGING TREES AND SCRAPPED AGAINST THE WINDOWS...



SO DARK! AND THIS ROAD IS MISERABLE!

THE GUTTED, MUDDY ROAD WOUND ENDLESSLY UPWARD THROUGH DENSE FOG BANKS, THICK FOLIAGE. AND AS HE PROGRESSED, JERRY FOUND THE ROAD NARROWING, THE TREES AND LEAVES CROWDING IN ON BOTH SIDES...



BLAST IT! A LITTLE FURTHER AND THIS ROAD WILL BECOME A COW-PATH! I MUST HAVE MISSED A TURN-OFF!

HE STOPPED THE CAR. ANGRILY HE DREW A MAP FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND PORED OVER IT...

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! THIS ROAD ISN'T EVEN ON THE MAP! WHAT A MESS!



THE ROAD'S TOO *NARROW* TO TURN AROUND HERE! AND I CAN'T SEE WELL ENOUGH IN THIS RAIN TO *BACK* ALL THE WAY OUT! I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO A BIT FURTHER AND TRUST TO LUCK!



ONCE AGAIN HE STEERED THE CAR FORWARD...ONLY TO STOP AGAIN FIFTY YARDS LATER...

AH! I THOUGHT I SAW A LIGHT THROUGH THE TREES! AND THERE'S AN ENTRANCE GATE RIGHT OVER THERE! CAN HARDLY SEE IT!



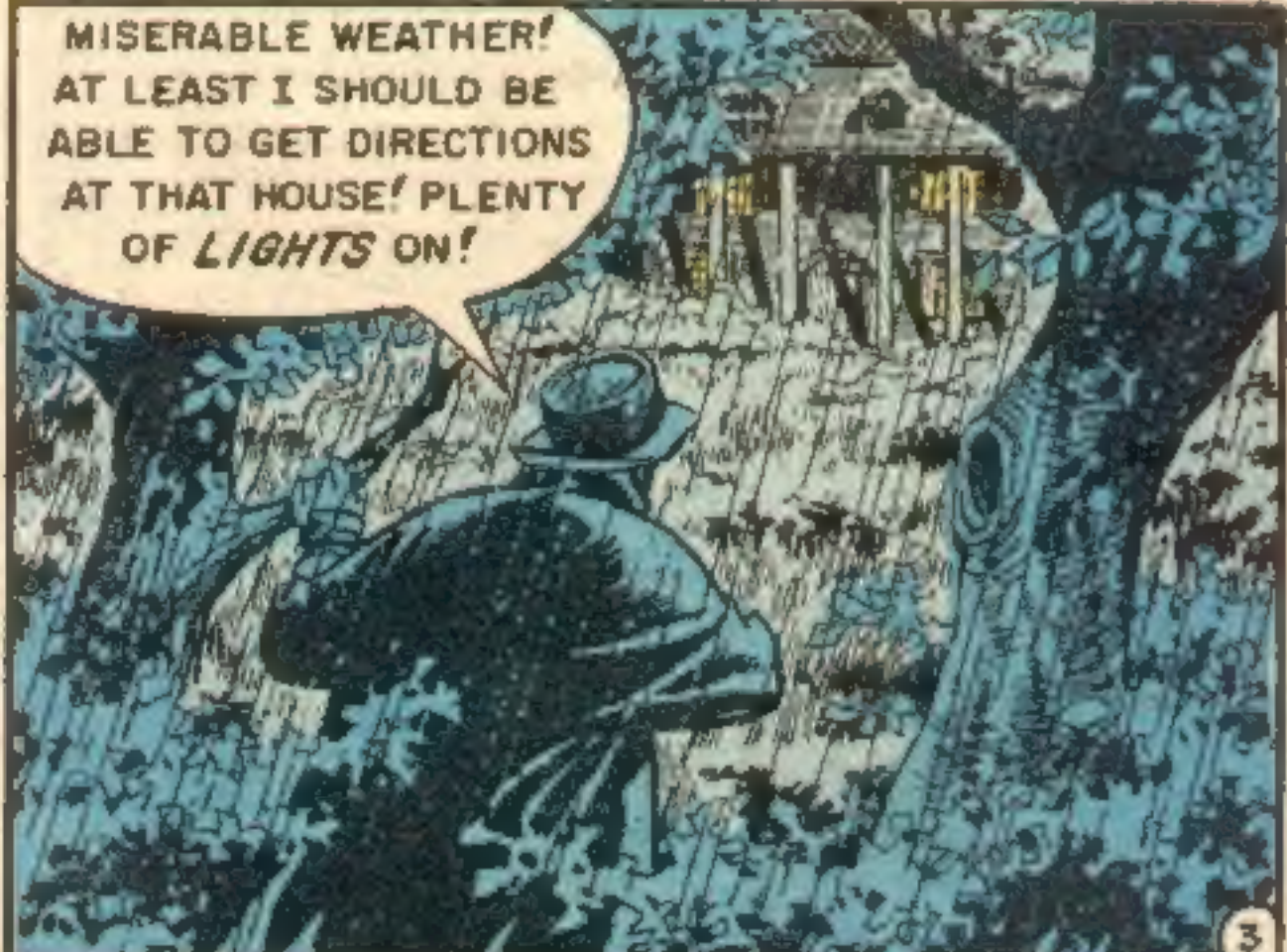
THE CAR CAUTIOUSLY MOVED THROUGH THE ANCIENT GATE...UP THE ESTATE ROAD, OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS, THAT FINALLY PETERED OUT AND DISSOLVED INTO THE UNDERGROWTH...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! I'LL HAVE TO *HOOF* IT THE REST OF THE WAY, I GUESS!



GREATLY ANNOYED, HE SWITCHED OFF THE IGNITION AND STEPPED FROM THE CAR. HE BUTTONED HIS COAT AGAINST THE RAIN AND STARTED TOWARD THE HOUSE...

MISERABLE WEATHER! AT LEAST I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET DIRECTIONS AT THAT HOUSE! PLENTY OF *LIGHTS* ON!





HE STRUGGLED NEARER TO THE HOUSE, FEELING THE WETNESS SEEP THROUGH HIS CLOTHES...



...ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER! SAY! IS THAT MUSIC I HEAR?

HE DREW CLOSE TO THE HOUSE AND PEERED THROUGH THE WINDOW...



LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A PARTY GOING ON...A *COSTUME BALL*! WELL! I'M IN LUCK!

RELIEVED, HE STRODE TO THE FRONT DOOR AND RAPPED UPON IT VIGOROUSLY. THE DOOR OPENED, SPILLING LIGHT, MUSIC AND WARMTH UPON HIM...



GOOD EVENING! I... I'M *LOST*! I THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE HERE...

WON'T YOU STEP IN, SIR?

HE ENTERED. HE STOOD IN THE ENTRANCE HALL, HIS WET CLOTHES DRIPPING, FORMING LITTLE PUDDLES ON THE MARBLE FLOORING. THE BUTLER DISAPPEARED AMONG THE PEOPLE IN THE CROWDED BALLROOM...AND MOMENTARILY, A LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN DETACHED HERSELF FROM THEM AND GLIDED GRACIOUSLY TOWARD HIM...



HOW DO YOU DO, SIR? SO NICE OF YOU TO COME!

EH? OH...YES! I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE BUT...

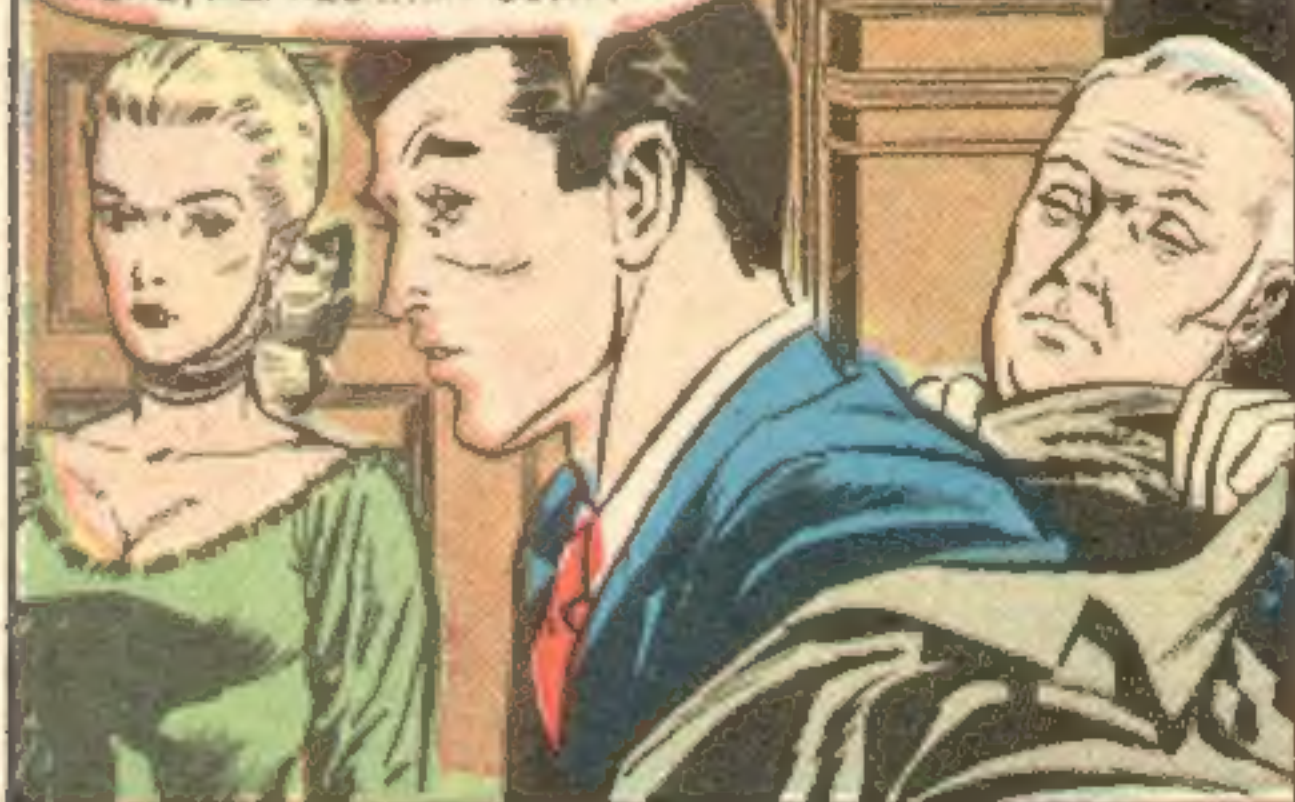
IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! ALFRED, TAKE THE GENTLEMAN'S COAT!

OH, NO, PLEASE! I ONLY WANT TO GET DIRECTIONS! REALLY, IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO...



HE STOPPED TALKING. WASN'T THIS JUST WHAT HE HAD BEEN *LOOKING* FOR? SOMETHING *EXCITING* TO WILE AWAY THE EVENING? CERTAINLY! WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN A *PARTY*... WITH WOMEN AND LIQUOR...

...ER...WELL, IF YOU *INSIST*! HERE, ALFRED...MY COAT!



THE GIRL LED HIM INTO THE GRAND BALLROOM AND HE WAS STUNNED BY ITS ELEGANCE. FLEETINGLY, HE GLIMPSED GLITTERING CANDELABRAS, EXQUISITE BROCADE DRAPERIES. THEY STOPPED BY THE PUNCH BOWL AND HE WATCHED HER DELICATELY FILL A GLASS...

WELL! HA, HA! ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, A LITTLE NIP CERTAINLY LOOKS GOOD!

YES...





HE TOOK THE PROFFERED GLASS AND THANKED HER. AS HE SIPPED THE DRINK, HIS GAZE PASSED AMONG THE GUESTS. HE NOTED WITH DISPLEASURE THAT EVERYONE SEEMED TO BE HAVING A PERFECTLY *DULL* EVENING...



HE TURNED BACK TO THE GIRL, ONLY TO FIND SHE WASN'T THERE! HIS EYES FOUND HER ACROSS THE ROOM, SOLEMNLY STANDING BESIDE A YOUNG MAN...



CASUALLY, HE STRAIGHTENED HIS TIE AND MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOM...



TO THE STRAINS OF A WALTZ, THEY GLIDED ROUND THE ROOM. JERRY ADAMS WAS AMAZED...



I NDEED, HE COULD BARELY SENSE HER BACK BENEATH HIS FINGERS, SO SOFT AND PLIABLE DID SHE SEEM.



HE WONDERED, AS THEY WHIRLED ROUND AND ROUND, IF SHE WAS ALWAYS SO QUIET. SHE WASN'T ANGRY... JUST... *DISINTERESTED*, HE THOUGHT. IT WOULD TAKE TIME...



WHAT A BUNCH OF DEAD-BEATS! THESE HICKS CERTAINLY NEVER KNEW HOW TO ENJOY THEMSELVES, WHAT WITH THEIR STRICT MORALS AND PRIM WAYS OF LIVING. STILL... HE'D HEARD A *LOT* ABOUT COUNTRY GIRLS...





THEY CONTINUED CIRCLING, AND HE WONDERED IF IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO REMAIN AT THE HOTEL AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. BUT THEN HIS MANLY INSTINCTS MADE HIM TRY AGAIN TO BREAK THROUGH THIS GIRL'S SERENITY... HER CALM, ALOOF DETACHMENT...



YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MY NOT HAVING A COSTUME LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND. I ...

I UNDERSTAND.

IT'S JUST THAT I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN... JUST ARRIVED THIS EVENING! YOU SEE, I INHERITED SOME PROPERTY HEREABOUTS! I HAVE TO MEET SOME LAWYER IN THE MORNING TO...

HOW NICE.



HE WAS STYMIED. WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THIS GIRL, ANYWAY? LITTLE BY LITTLE HE BECAME ANNOYED...

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?



NO.

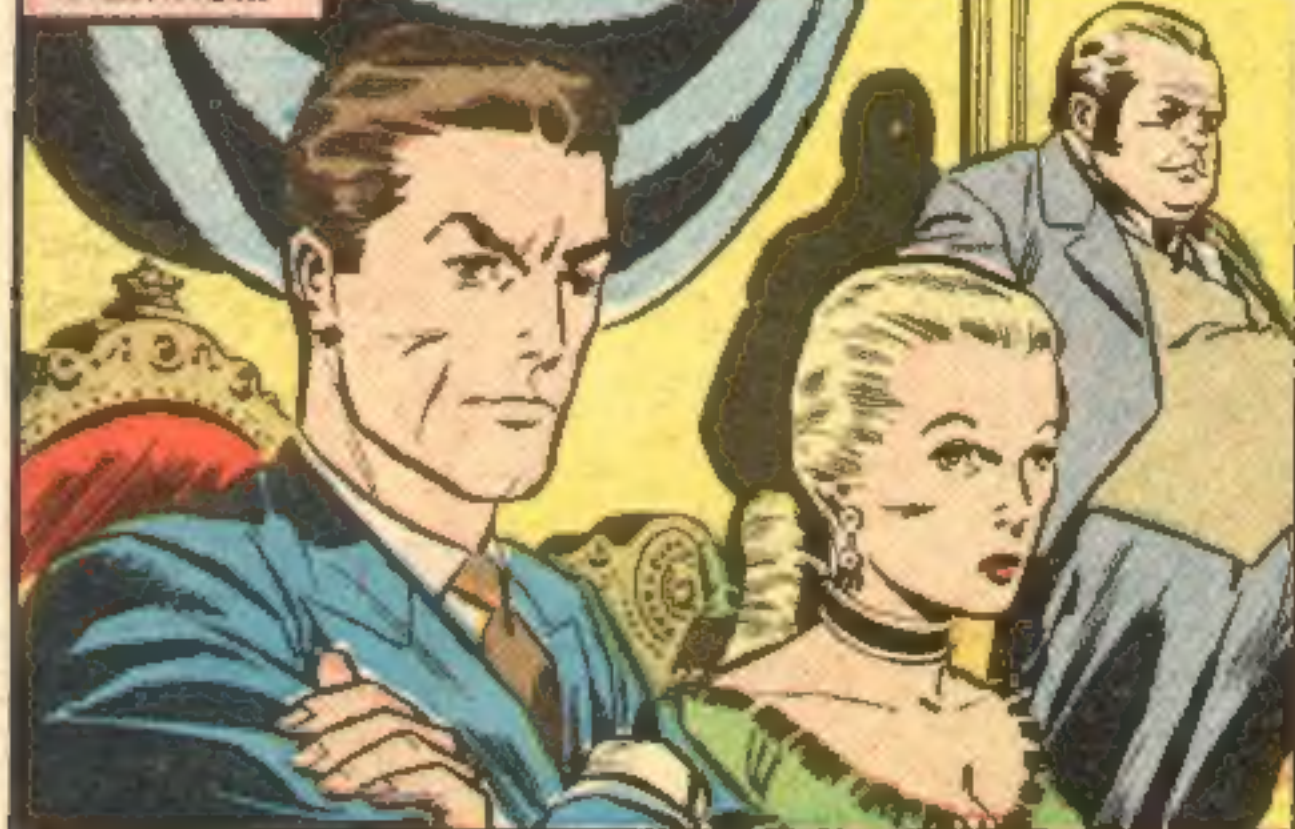
OH...

ER... WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO *REST*? THIS DANCING CAN BE *TIRING*, HEH... CAN'T IT? SHALL WE *SIT THIS ONE OUT*?

IF YOU WISH!



THEY SAT. STIFFLY, UNCONCERNEDLY, SHE STARED AT THE MILLING DANCERS, SEEMINGLY UNAWARE OF THEIR PRESENCE. HE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HAD A CHANCE TO STUDY THE GUESTS CLOSELY. THERE WAS THE RUMBLE OF MANY VOICES... YET HE COULD SPOT NO ONE ACTUALLY TALKING...



AND THEN THE MUSIC SETTLED INTO HIS BRAIN... AND HE REALIZED THE ORCHESTRA HAD BEEN PLAYING THE *SAME WALTZ OVER AND OVER*, UNCEASINGLY, ALL EVENING!

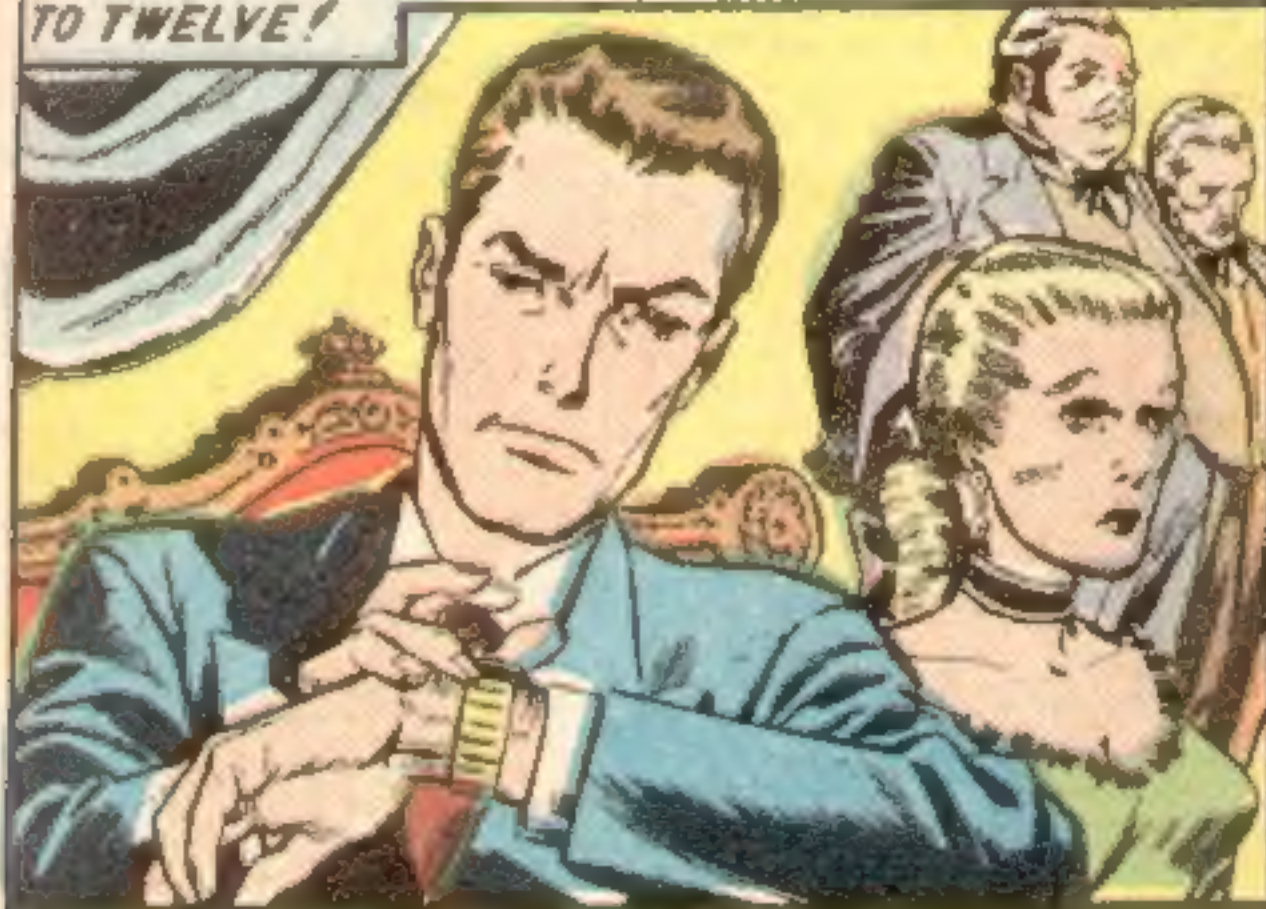
I... I, ER, HESITATE TO SAY THIS... BUT ISN'T THE MUSIC GETTING *MONOTONOUS*? I MEAN, THEY PLAY THE *SAME TUNE*...

YES. THAT IS THE SONG THEY WERE PLAYING WHEN IT HAPPENED!





HE WAS BECOMING MORE THAN A LITTLE ANNOYED BY THIS GIRL'S BEHAVIOR! EVEN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PARTY ITSELF WAS MORE LIKE A *FUNERAL* THAN A GAY EVENT! HE LOOKED AT HIS WATCH... *TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE!*



YOU SAID THE ORCHESTRA IS PLAYING THE SAME SONG THEY PLAYED WHEN IT... WHEN IT *HAPPENED!* WHEN *WHAT* HAPPENED?

WHY... THE FIRE, OF COURSE!



*WHAT* FIRE?! OH, PLEASE EXCUSE ME! MY FIANCE IS COMING! I FEAR I HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM HIM TOO LONG!



SIR... I SHOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE MY FIANCE, MR. ROGER WERTHAM! ROGER, THIS IS... OH, I'M SORRY, SIR! I DO NOT KNOW YOUR NAME!



MY NAME? OH, HOW STUPID OF ME NOT TO MENTION IT! MY NAME IS *ADAMS!* JERRY ADAMS!





AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME, EVERYTHING STOPPED! THE DANCING, THE MUSIC, THE TALKING...EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE BECAME MOTIONLESS! ATTENTION WAS RIVETED UPON HIM...AND THE SILENCE WAS *DEATHLY*...

DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS *ADAMS*?

WHY...YES...YES! WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU ALL *STARING* AT ME LIKE THAT?



A GREAT RUSTLING AND MUMBLING ERUPTED FROM THE SURROUNDING PEOPLE. THE GIRL'S EYES GLEAMED...

YOU HAVE REASON TO BE SURPRISED, MR. ADAMS! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU... FOR *SUCH* A LONG TIME! WHY, IT'S BEEN MORE THAN *SEVENTY* YEARS!

WHA...WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?



I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN! THIS PARTY WAS MY *ENGAGEMENT PARTY*... BACK IN *1884*! I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN *TWO* SUITORS... AND I CHOSE *ROGER*! BUT THE MAN WHOM I REFUSED...WAS VERY *JEALOUS*!



WHEN I ANNOUNCED MY CHOICE, MY OTHER SUITOR WAS *FURIOUS*! HE SET THIS HOUSE ON *FIRE*! EVERYONE YOU SEE HERE WAS *BURNED TO DEATH*!



EVERY YEAR SINCE THEN WE COME BACK TO *RE-ENACT* THE EVENTS OF THAT EVENING! FOR WE CANNOT GO TO A PEACEFUL REST UNTIL OUR DEATHS HAVE BEEN *AVENGED*!



THEY CAME AT HIM IN GLEEFUL AGITATION, THEIR FACES LEERING AT HIM FIENDISHLY, THEIR DECOMPOSED HANDS GRASPING TOWARD HIM. HE SAW THE ROPE...AND REALIZED THE CLIMAX AS THEY CROWDED UPON HIM...

YOU SEE...THE JEALOUS SUITOR WHO CAUSED OUR DEATHS WAS NAMED *ADAMS*... YOUR ANCESTOR, WHOSE PROPERTY YOU WERE TO INHERIT! AND IN HIS PLACE, WE MUST METE OUT *JUSTICE*...TO YOU!



THE END

HEH, HEH! IF ADAMS KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE A *NECK-TIE PARTY*, HE WOULD'VE STOOD IN BED! BUT AS IT WAS, HIS *APPLE* GOT A GOOD BREAK, YOU KNOW...*ADAMS APPLE*! HEH! WELL, STAY TUNED TO THIS SAME CHANNEL...THE *CRYPT-KEEPER* IS NEXT IN VIEW! HEH, HEH!





# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, GHOULS! AH, THAT'S THE WAY JUST SHOVE THE BODIES ASIDE AND MAKE YOURSELVES MISERABLE HERE IN *THE CRYPT*, WHILE THIS COLD-BLOODED CHARACTER, YOUR CANTANKEROUS *CRYPT-KEEPER* READS A SPINE-SPLITTING SAGA FROM MY FOUL FILES IN THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*! THIS MISERABLE MESS OF MORBIDITY IS THE NIGHTMARE OF A DELIRIOUS DREAMER WHO, POOR DEVIL, KEPT LOSING HIS HEAD OVER THE SAME WOMAN! I CALL THIS DOLOROUS DIARY OF HEART-RENDING CONFUSION TOLD BY *EMIL* IN HIS OWN WORDS...

## CHOP TALK!





"THE PEOPLE OF BERLIN HAD DESERTED THE PARK THAT RAW DECEMBER DAY. THE LEAFLESS, SLEEPING TREES... THE FORSAKEN BIRD-NESTS... THE HARD, FROZEN EARTH LAYING LIKE A DEAD WOMAN AWAITING A SNOWY SHROUD... ALL GAVE ANNA AND I THE PRIVACY FOR A RENDEZVOUS..."

THIS IS *GOODBYE*, ANNA? THEN LET US HAVE A *FAREWELL KISS!*

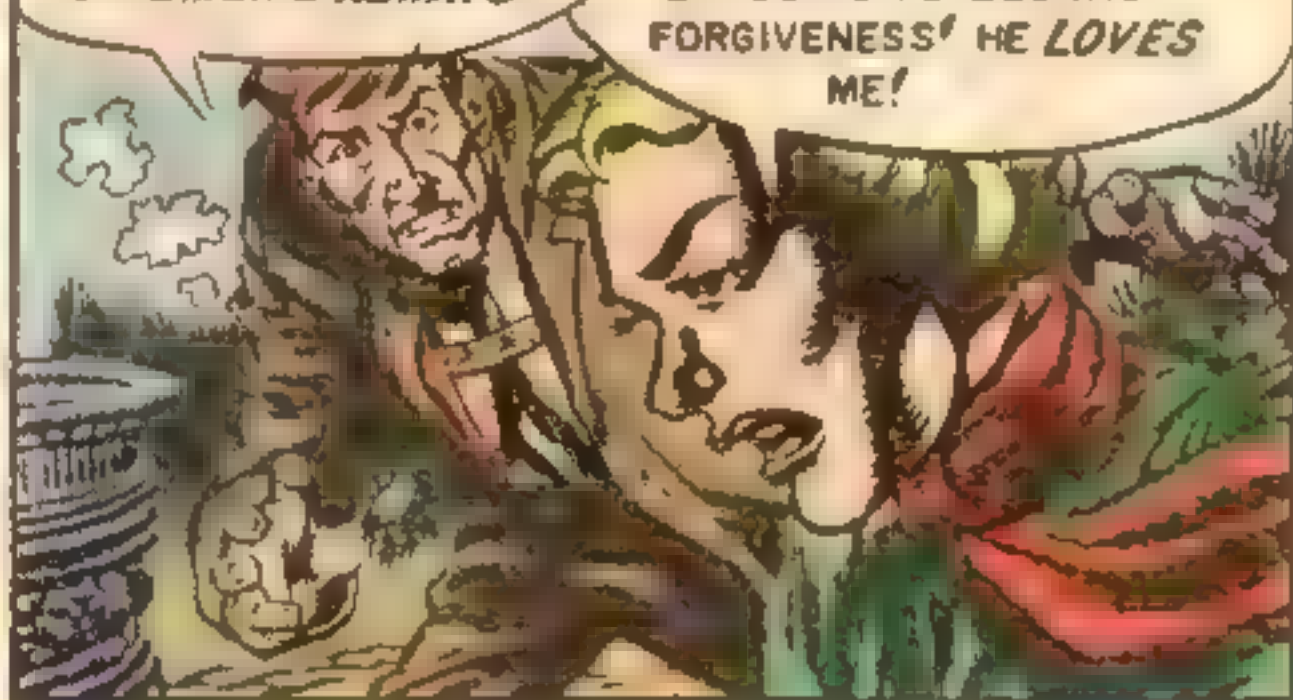
I *MEAN* IT THIS TIME, EMIL! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



"I'D HAD THIS BUSINESS BEFORE WITH ANNA. SHE'D SAY WE WERE THROUGH... BUT THE NEXT DAY SHE'D COME CRAWLING BACK TO ME! THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THERE WAS A COLDNESS, A *FINALITY* IN HER VOICE... THAT I FOUND HARD TO BELIEVE..."

ANNA, YOU *DON'T* MEAN IT! YOU'LL COME *BACK* TO ME... LIKE *ALWAYS!*

NO, EMIL! I'M GOING TO TELL MY HUSBAND *EVERYTHING!* I'M GOING TO BEG HIS FORGIVENESS! HE *LOVES* ME!



DON'T TALK LIKE A FOOL! YOU COULD *NEVER* GIVE ME UP! YOU... *OW!*

*IT'S OVER!* CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE'RE *THROUGH!*



"I DON'T KNOW WHY OR HOW I SUDDENLY BECAME SO ENRAGED! BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT I WAS DOING, I GRABBED THE SCARF-ENDS AND DREW THEM TIGHTLY ABOUT HER THROAT..."

ALL RIGHT, ANNA... THEN IT'S *OVER!*



"A MOMENT LATER SHE SLUMPED TO THE GROUND... AND STILL I TWISTED THE SCARF TIGHTER EVEN THOUGH I HEARD THE HEAVY POUNDING OF FEET BEHIND ME..."



"HUGE, POWERFUL HANDS YANKED ME AWAY FROM THE LIMP BODY AND SPUN ME AROUND! A GREAT FIST SLAMMED AGAINST MY HEAD WITH THE FORCE OF A SLEDGE-HAMMER!"

WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* TO HER? WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* TO MY *WIFE!*?



"DIMLY, I SAW THE MAN CRADLE ANNA IN HIS ENORMOUS ARMS, VAGUELY, I REALIZED THAT HE WAS *HEINRICH...* ANNA'S *HUSBAND!* THROUGH THE THROBBING ACHE IN MY HEAD, I HEARD HER MOURNFUL SOBS... AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, I TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY..."

ANNA... (SOB) MY ANNA! WHERE HAVE I *FAILED* YOU?





"I HAD HARDLY GONE FIFTEEN FEET WHEN THE GREAT BRUTE WAS UPON ME, PULLING ME UP AS IF I WERE A RAG-DOLL! I COULD SEE THE HATE DEEP IN HIS TEAR-REDDENED EYES... THE LIVID SCAR ON HIS CHIN..."

I COULD *KILL* YOU, MISTER!  
I COULD SNAP YOUR FILTHY NECK  
WITH ONE HAND... BUT THERE  
WILL BE A *WORSE* WAY..  
I *PROMISE* YOU!

YOU...YOU SHOULD  
THANK ME! SHE...  
SHE WAS *NO GOOD*!



"HEINRICH SLAMMED HIS CALLOUSED PAW AGAINST MY MOUTH! MY LIPS BECAME NUMB AND SWOLLEN ALMOST AT ONCE, AND I COULD FEEL WARM BLOOD FROM WHERE THEY WERE TORN, TRICKLING DOWN MY CHIN..."

*LIAR!* MY ANNA IS DEAD! I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE  
FOR NOW...NOTHING BUT TO SEE YOU *SUFFER AND DIE!*



"I CAN HARDLY RECALL THE FRIGHTFUL FANTASY OF MY TRIAL. HEINRICH WAS THERE, STARING AT ME! I TRIED NOT TO LOOK AT HIM, BUT I FELT HIS SMOULDERING EYES ON ME EVERY AGONIZING MOMENT..."



"I WAS FILLED WITH RELIEF WHEN I AT LAST RECEIVED MY SENTENCE..."

...AND ON A DAY CONVENIENT TO  
THE HEAD WARDEN, YOU, EMIL VOIGT,  
WILL BE PUT TO DEATH...



"IN MY CELL I THOUGHT OF MY DEATH AND IT SEEMED UNREAL... IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN TO *ME!* THEN, ONE DAY..."

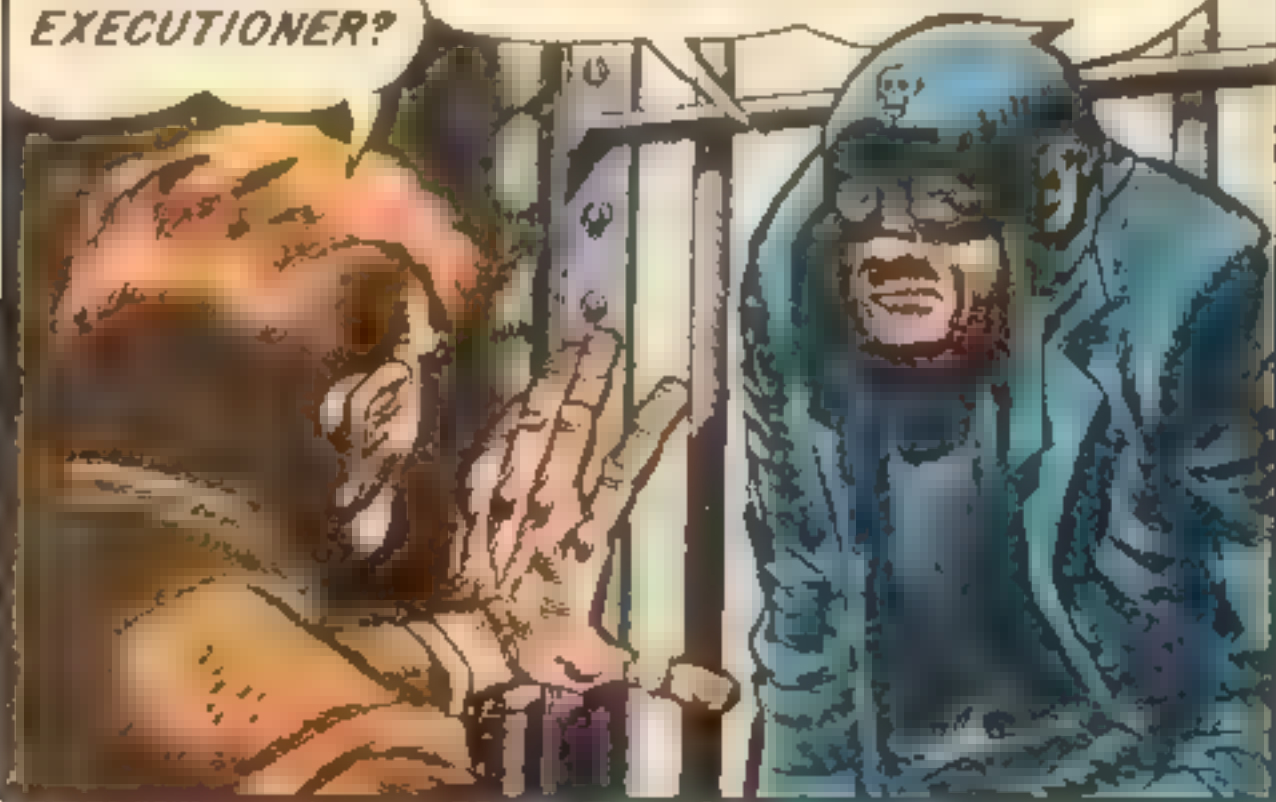
EMIL VOIGT! YOU HAVE  
A *VISITOR!*



"I RECOGNIZED HIM AT ONCE BY THE BIG SCAR ON HIS CHIN, AND THOSE HATE-FILLED EYES THAT GLARED THROUGH THE SLOTS IN HIS EXECUTIONER'S MASK..."

HEINRICH!  
YOU...YOU  
ARE THE  
EXECUTIONER?

ANNA DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT MY  
JOB, EH? BUT DON'T TREMBLE SO!  
YOUR TIME HAS NOT COME...*YET!*



I HAVE TO EXECUTE A MAN IN A LITTLE WHILE, SO I CAN ONLY SPARE A FEW MINUTES! HAVE YOU EVER *SEEN* AN EXECUTION, VOIGT? LET ME *TELL* YOU HOW IT *GOES!*

NO...*NO*, I  
DON'T *WANT*  
TO HEAR!  
GO *AWAY!*





"MENTALLY, I TRIED TO DEAFEN MYSELF, BUT HIS WORDS BURNED INTO MY BRAIN. I FOUGHT NOT TO LOOK, YET I COULD NOT TEAR MY EYES FROM THE GLEAMING, RAZORED AXE..."

I SPEND THE NIGHT BEFORE HONING MY AXE SO IT WILL BE OVER QUICKLY FOR THE DOOMED MAN. *UNLESS IT HAPPENS TO BE SOMEONE I DON'T LIKE!* THEN I AM HAPPY TO WASTE THREE OR FOUR STROKES TO *PROLONG THE AGONY!*



"I COVERED MY EARS... AND STILL I HEARD"

...FIRST I GO TO MY VICTIM'S CELL, AND IN MY MOST SOMBRE VOICE, I CALL HIM! SOMETIMES HE WILL WALK WITH ME... OTHER TIMES HE WILL BE DRAGGED, CLAWING AND SCREAMING!



... AND AS YOUR HEAD TUMBLES INTO THE WAITING BASKET, BEFORE THE DARKNESS CLOSES IN, YOU'LL SEE YOUR NECK... GHASTLY RAW FLESH, SPLINTERED BONE, THE RED BLOOD GUSHING OUT...!

STOP IT! STOP IT!



IT IS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO *THINK* ABOUT, VOIGT! WHEN YOUR TIME COMES, YOU'LL KNOW I'LL ONLY BE THINKING OF *ANNA*, AND HOW *LONELY* I AM, AND HOW GOOD IT WILL BE TO *JOIN* HER... AFTER I HAVE FINISHED WITH *YOU!*



"I FELL UPON MY BUNK IN A COMA-LIKE SLEEP, EXHAUSTED BY THE HORRENDOUS EXPERIENCE TO WHICH HEINRICH HAD SUBJECTED ME..."



"I DID NOT KNOW HOW LONG I SLEPT, BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE MIST OF MY UNCONSCIOUS, I HEARD HIS VOICE CALLING ME. HE CALLED AGAIN, LOUDER..."

COME, EMIL VOIGT!

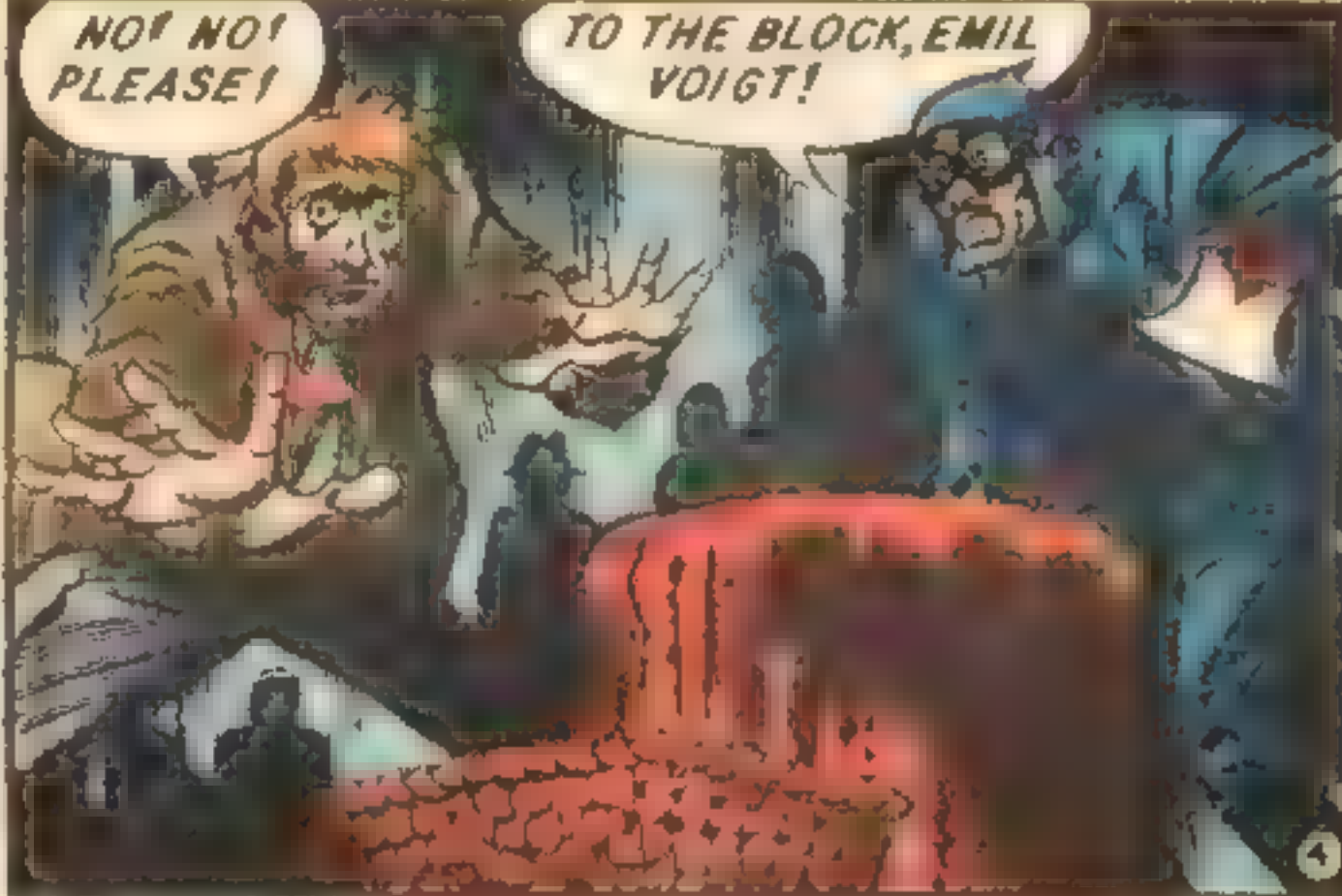
IS IS IT (GASP) NOW?



"MY INSIDES QUIVERED LIKE COLD JELLY, AND MY LEGS WERE RUBBERY BENEATH ME, BUT I WAS FIERCELY DETERMINED NOT TO SHOW HIM MY FEAR. NOT TILL I LAID EYES ON THE BLOODSTAINED BLOCK. NOT TILL *THEN* DID I WEAKEN..."

NO! NO! PLEASE!

TO THE BLOCK, EMIL VOIGT!





"HEINRICH BRUSQUELY SHOVED ME DOWN ON MY KNEES AND ADJUSTED MY HEAD ON THE BLOCK! I GLANCED UP AND SAW THE MIGHTY SWELLING OF HIS BICEPS AS HE RAISED THE AXE! IT GLINTED IN THE SUNLIGHT..."



"IT WAS DULL, THAT BLADE, AND THE BLOW BADLY AIMED! I COULD HEAR HIM LAUGH, THROUGH MY AGONY, AS HE BROUGHT THE AXE DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN... AND I WOKE UP FROM THE SOUND OF MY OWN SCREAMS!"

OOOHH... I'VE... I'VE  
**BEEN DREAMING!**

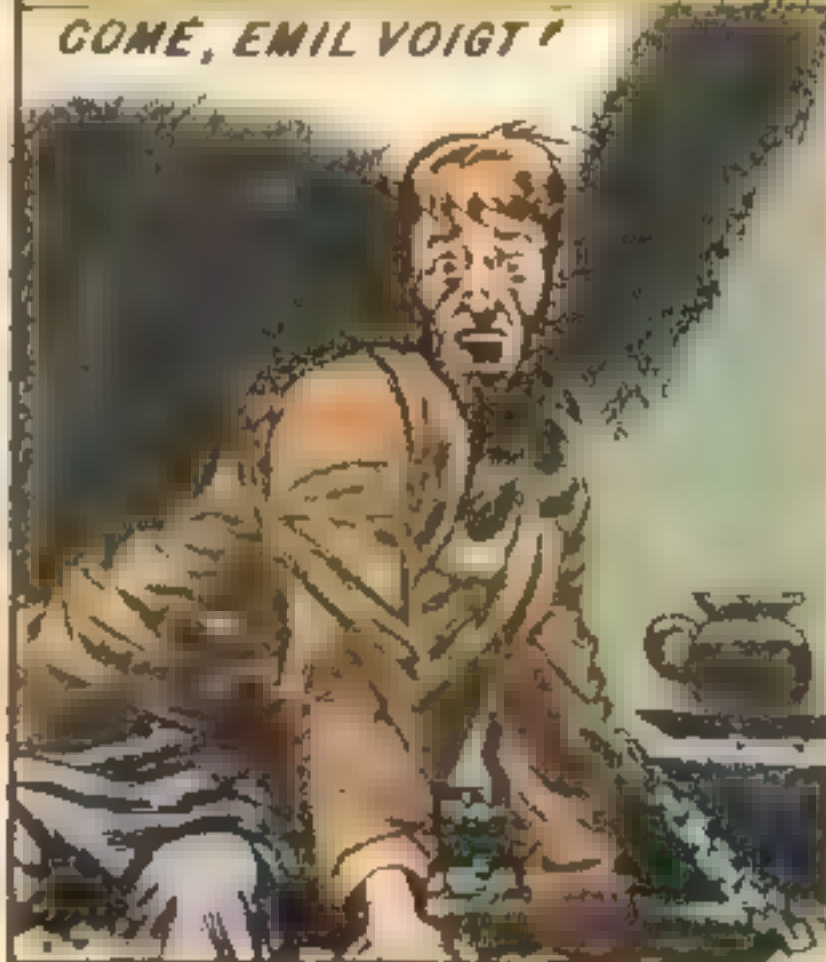


"I WAS FRIGHTENED. THE NIGHT-MARE HAD CLEARLY FORTOLD THE AGONIES I WOULD ENDURE AT HEINRICH'S HANDS, AND I WAS POSSESSED WITH DREAD..."



"HAD I KNOWN I WOULD **DREAM** AGAIN, I WOULD NEVER HAVE **SLEPT** THAT NIGHT..."

**COME, EMIL VOIGT!**



"HE SEIZED MY CHAINS AND DRAGGED ME, STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING, THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF THE DAMNED..."

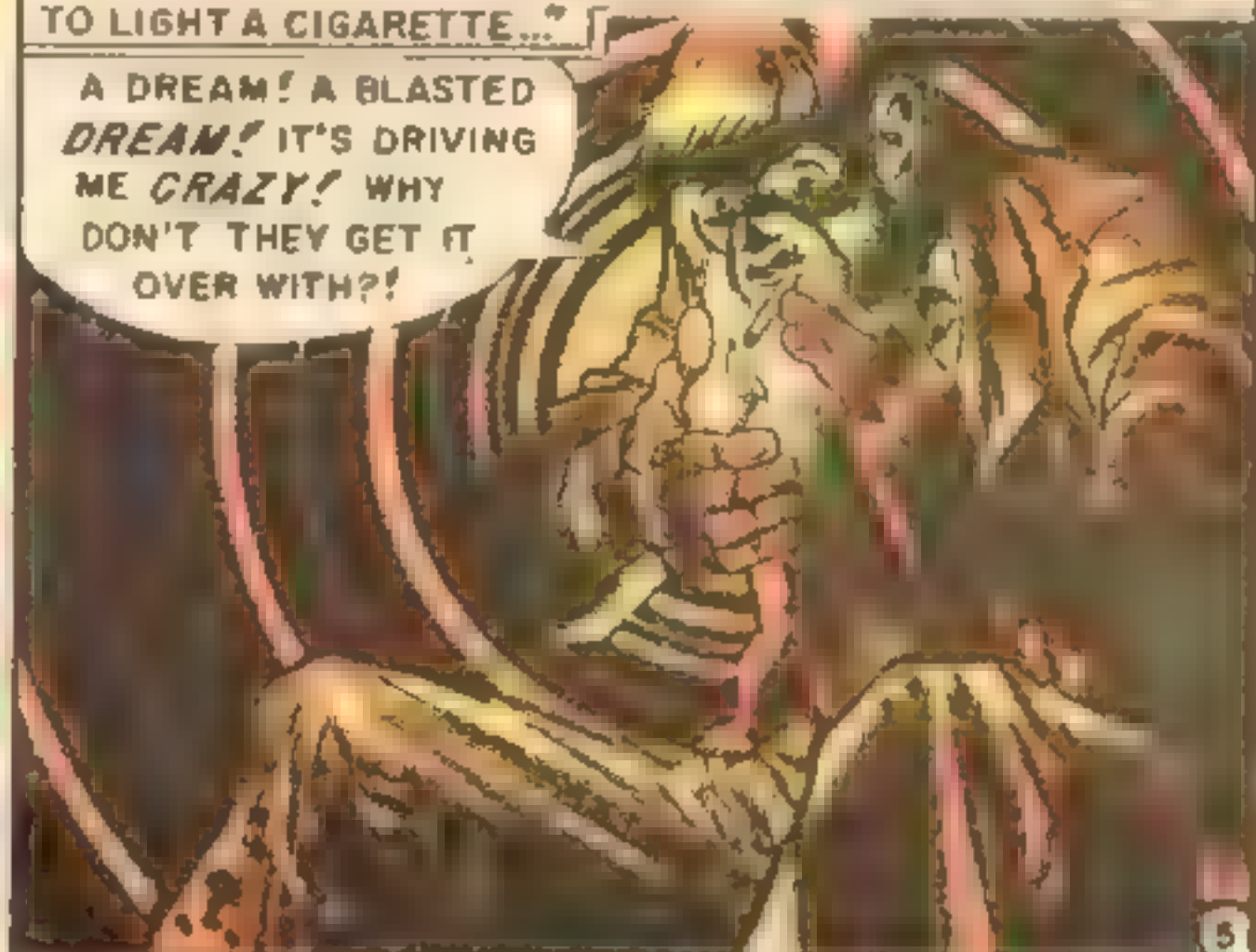


"I RANTED AND KICKED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! TWO ASSISTANTS WERE NEEDED TO HOLD MY HEAD DOWN TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK, EVEN **AFTER** THE FIRST BLOW OF THE DULL BLADE..."



"AGAIN I AWOKE SCREAMING! SWEAT BEADED MY SKIN AND THE BACK OF MY NECK ACHED! TREMBLING, I TRIED TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE..."

A DREAM! A BLASTED  
**DREAM!** IT'S DRIVING  
ME **CRAZY!** WHY  
DON'T THEY GET IT  
OVER WITH?!





"THE DAYS AND NIGHTS PASSED ENDLESSLY IN A WHIRL OF HORRIFYING NIGHTMARES...AND THOUGH I FOUGHT TO STAY AWAKE, MY WAKING THOUGHTS OFFERED NO RELIEF."



"I LIVED IN AN HYSTERICAL DELIRIUM, HARDLY KNOWING WHEN I WAS CONSCIOUS, BEING AWARE ONLY OF HOW I WAS LED TO THE BLOCK TIME AND AGAIN! I WAS TOO NUMB TO FEEL FEAR...I COULD ONLY FEEL THE TERRIBLE BLOWS, THE CRUSHING OF BONES, THE CHOCK OF THE AXE IN MY FLESH "



"INSIDE I ACHED FROM THE TORTMENTS OF MY REPEATED DREAMS. I LONGED FOR DEATH...SWEET UNKNOWNING, UNFEELING DEATH "



"I PRAYED FOR DEATH' I WELCOMED IT WITH OPEN ARMS FOR I KNEW IT WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF MY ESCAPING THIS TORTURE..."



"AND THEN AT LAST, IT WAS TIME "

COME, EMIL VOIGT! AT LAST! IT WILL BE OVER SOON!



"I WALKED TO DEATH WITH A SMILE. I WAS HAPPY KNOWING THIS WAS THE REAL THING' HEINRICH SAW MY JOY, AND HE SCOWLED AT ME IN SPEECHLESS FURY "

YOU LOSE, HEINRICH! YOU CAN'T HURT ME ANYMORE! IN A FEW MOMENTS, I'LL BE FREE OF YOU!



"IT WAS SOMETHING I HAD NOT COUNTED ON OR HOPED FOR... HEINRICH LOST HIS TEMPER.' HE BROUGHT THE GREAT AXE DOWN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT! ONE QUICK, SHARP PAIN... AND IT WAS OVER!"





"DO YOU THINK ONE DOES NOT KNOW WHEN HE HAS  
CROSSED THE BARRIER? I KNEW. I KNEW HEINRICH  
LIFTED MY HEAD FROM THE BASKET, AND THAT HE WAS  
INFURIATED BECAUSE HE COULD HURT ME NO MORE."

IT WAS TOO EASY, VOIGT!  
TOO EASY, DO YOU HEAR?



"I KNEW WHEN THEY SEWED MY HEAD BACK ONTO MY  
BODY, AND WHEN THEY CARTED ME OFF IN AN OLD WAGON,  
WHEN THEY BURIED ME IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE, I KNEW  
WHEN HEINRICH EMPTIED THE POISON DOWN HIS BULL-  
LIKE THROAT."

I'M COMING, ANNA! I'M COMING!



"AND THEN I HEARD THE VOICE, THE SAME VOICE, THE  
TERRIBLE, HAUNTING VOICE I HAD HEARD SO OFTEN..."

COME, EMIL  
VOIGT!



"IT WAS A CALL I COULD NOT RESIST. I ROSE TO ANSWER  
IT AND FACED HIM HEINRICH, MY EXECUTIONER..."

COME, EMIL VOIGT! NO! (GASP!) NO! NO!



"AND I REALIZED NOW THAT I WAS TO SPEND AN ETERNITY PAYING,  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN WITHOUT END, FOR ANNA'S MURDER."



HEH, HEH! A WEE BIT ON THE GORY SIDE,  
EH, KIDDIES? YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT  
EMIL HAD A HEAD FOR BUSINESS... HEH...  
MONKEY BUSINESS! WELL, IF YOU'RE  
STILL IN THE MOOD FOR MORBIDITY,  
STICK AROUND... V.K.'S READY WITH MORE,  
SO TOODLE-BOO FOR NOW!



THE  
END





# SHARP

As far back as he could remember, Milton Canasta had hated his miserly old Aunt. For, while the impoverished nephew scrabbled for pennies to feed himself, ancient Aunt Bridget was busily squandering the once-fabled Canasta fortune. Her collection of antique jewelry, for instance, had cost enough to keep Milton in cakes and ale for the rest of his life!

The idea that the collection was still growing infuriated Milton: before long every last dollar would be gone, converted into baubles long since turned green with age...into bracelets which were ancient before the time of the Crusades. A half-million dollars hurled away for this junk, and Aunt Bridget couldn't even *see* the hideous junk! What good was the most bizzare curio collection this side of the moon, Milton Canasta thought bitterly, to a woman who was BLIND?

He heard footsteps outside, on the graveled walk, and moved toward the window. Down on the terrace the old witch was strolling, guiding herself by touching gnarled shrubs and decaying tree trunks whose precise location she had long ago memorized. And as he watched with hate-filled eyes, a thought came to Milton Canasta's mind. He was alone here in the treasure room: why shouldn't he cram his pockets with golden amulets and fabulous necklaces? He could walk past Aunt Bridget, then, without the slightest risk of detection!

Feverishly, Milton grabbed up fistfuls of the priceless stuff and dropped it into the pockets of his tattered coat. With a snicker, he started out of the room; before he reached the doorway a plan for final triumph over hateful Aunt Bridget struck him. His hand plunged into his pocket and withdrew an ancient ring...one on which was the carved image of a curled snake. With a whinny of delight he

slipped the ring over the third finger of his right hand. It was no sooner in place than he heard the thrum of heels. Aunt Bridget clicked into the room, her withered hands using the walls as guide-lines. Under her very eyes Milton would walk off with her collection!

"Got to run along now, Aunty," Milton said. His Aunt's right hand shot out, fingers extended. Milton stared, then recalled that this contemptible relative prided herself on the firmness of her handclasp. Milton's own hand slowly swung forward: their fingers locked in a steely grip. For a moment Milton thought he experienced a pinprick of pain in one of his fingers, but he shrugged off the notion. He quickly stepped past Bridget Canasta and moved toward the door.

He never made it. For the agony in his hand increased to the point wherein his eyes turned watery and he found it almost impossible to breathe. He staggered, turning unbelieving eyes down upon his hand. The finger which wore the snake ring was already puffy and violent-red. Milton gasped and began to sag toward the floor; the pain in his finger had now spread to his shoulder and, along veins and arteries screaming in frightful anguish, to the rest of his writhing body. *The ring, he thought in panic, it must've been loaded with POISON! I've read about horrors like this...a needle jammed into the flesh of the ring-wearer, and the pressure of a firm handshake releases deadly...*

But Milton Canasta was unable to continue with his intriguing theory. For by now his body had ceased to thrash spasmodically, inasmuch as it was growing cold and rigid. And his eyeballs were staring straight ahead, wide and incredibly criss-crossed with ruptured blood vessels. Sightless, of course.



# DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT YOU FOR READING COMIC BOOKS?



DO YOU HEAR PEOPLE FAINTLY SNICKERING BEHIND YOUR BACK AS YOU RIDE THE TRAIN TO SCHOOL OR WORK? EXAMINE THE SITUATION! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PANTS? IS THE COMIC BOOK YOU ARE READING ONE OF THE KIND WITH THE LOUD, GARISH COVERS? NO WONDER PEOPLE LAUGH! DO YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT READING COMIC BOOKS ALL YOUR LIFE?... IF YOU DON'T, THEN LISTEN TO THIS! **MAD** COMIC BOOK HAS A NEW COVER DESIGN THAT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE HIGH-CLASS LITERATURE! BUY THE LATEST ISSUE OF **MAD**, THEN YOU CAN LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT READING HIGH-CLASS LITERATURE!...BUY **MAD** AT YOUR NEWSSTAND...OR SUBSCRIBE!



## SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

**MAD** EDITORS  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE ST.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF  
**MAD** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

*Heb, beh! I'm gonna start this column with some high-class PERVERTED POETRY. How about this one, submitted by John Wychoff of Palo Alto, Calif.:*

Mary was a little ghoul  
Her father killed her dead!  
Now Mary's on the dinner table  
Between two hunks of bread!

*And then there's the contribution of G.R.D. of Alta Vista, Kansas:*

I tried to kill my mother-in-law...  
Bashed in her head with a club,  
Sawed her in half with a razor-sharp sword,  
And boiled her remains in a tub.  
I beat her with my blackjack,  
I stabbed her with my knife,  
I threw her head-first downstairs  
But she jumped back full of life!

So I bought me a weird comic book,  
It was called "The Vault of Horror,"  
I took it home to her last night  
And placed it down before 'er.  
She took one look... her eyes bulged out  
Her face turned pasty-white...  
"The Vault of Horror" did the trick,  
She died all right... from fright!

*Now some PULSATING POGRAMS beamed in by Larry Hauck of Alton, Ill., and Aldo Betto of Brooklyn, N. Y.:*

DEATH OF RILEY  
MARTIN VEIN, PRIVATE BLOOD-VESSEL  
STRIKE IT DEAD  
BREAK THE BLOOD BANK  
STOP THE BREATHING  
I LOVE LYMPH  
COCAINE, FRAN, AND AGONY

*Bob Burg of Long Island, N. Y. keeps MORBID MOVIES going with:*

KILL ME KATE  
SNOW WHITE AND  
THE SEVERED DWARFS  
LOUSE OF WAX  
HOW TO BURY A MILLIONAIRE  
GENTLEMEN BEHEAD BLONDES

*In the LURID LYRICS division, to the tune of "My Bonnie," Pete Oliphant, Pres. of E.C. Fan-Addict Club Chapter 46, Washington, D. C., suggests:*

My Bonnie looked into a gas tank  
To see what its contents might be  
By dropping a match thereinto...  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me!

*E. Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City was so inspired by Mike Reynolds' parody on "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" that he sent one in too:*

Stake me out on the ant-hill  
Stake me out in the sun;  
Smear me with honey and leave me there —  
Twon't be long till my bones are stripped bare,  
For they chomp, chomp, chomp, little ants do  
Until they've eaten their fill...  
And there's one, two, three million ants  
In the old ant hill!

*Enough of that drivel... let's have a couple letters:*

Dear V.K.,

I'm a high-school senior, and I was prompted to write when I noticed how few girls' names appeared in your letter columns. I just want to tell you that at least ONE girl thinks your mag is tops. (And then too, you're such a handsome devil... you just make my flesh crawl.) If my letter is printed, please use only my initials!

L.P.  
Farmersville, Calif

*But of course, dear! Think I'd print your W'HOLE name, and risk the CRYPT-KEEPER beating my time? If I can sneak away from Drusilla (see page 1!), I'll be right out to sunny California so we can... chat?*

Please congratulate Johnny Craig and Ghastly Ingels for F.C.'s most heart warming story "Shoe Button Eyes"... in issue 35. Richie Bocklet  
Ridgewood, N. Y.

*No. They'll want money!*

And speaking of money... how about some commercials? They're still pushing the 3-D mags! They got so many 3-D mags cluttering up the E.C. offices, it shouldn't happen to a rival publisher! And that's the trouble! It didn't. It happened to them! Anyway... if you have not yet read THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR or THREE DIMENSIONAL E.C. CLASSICS... why bother! But if you insist on bothering, SPECIAL PRICE: 15c each... two for 30c! And, while ordering, stick in an extra buck for a subscription to MY mag... eight issues... manila envelopes! The address for all this stuff is:

The Vault-Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 37  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.



HERE IS A TALE ABOUT A CARETAKER,  
AND ODDLY ENOUGH, IT'S CALLED...

# TAKE CARE



JEFFERSON BATES, LEGAL TRUSTEE  
OF THE HUGE MANSION, SNORTED AT  
THE THICK LAYER OF DUST, THE  
NUMEROUS SPIDER WEBS, LISTENED  
IN DISGUST TO THE SCUTTling RATS  
BETWEEN THE WALLS, AND CONTIN-  
UED DOWN THE GLOOMY HALLWAY...

COME, COME, MR.  
DENCH! THIS WAY!

YES, SIR!

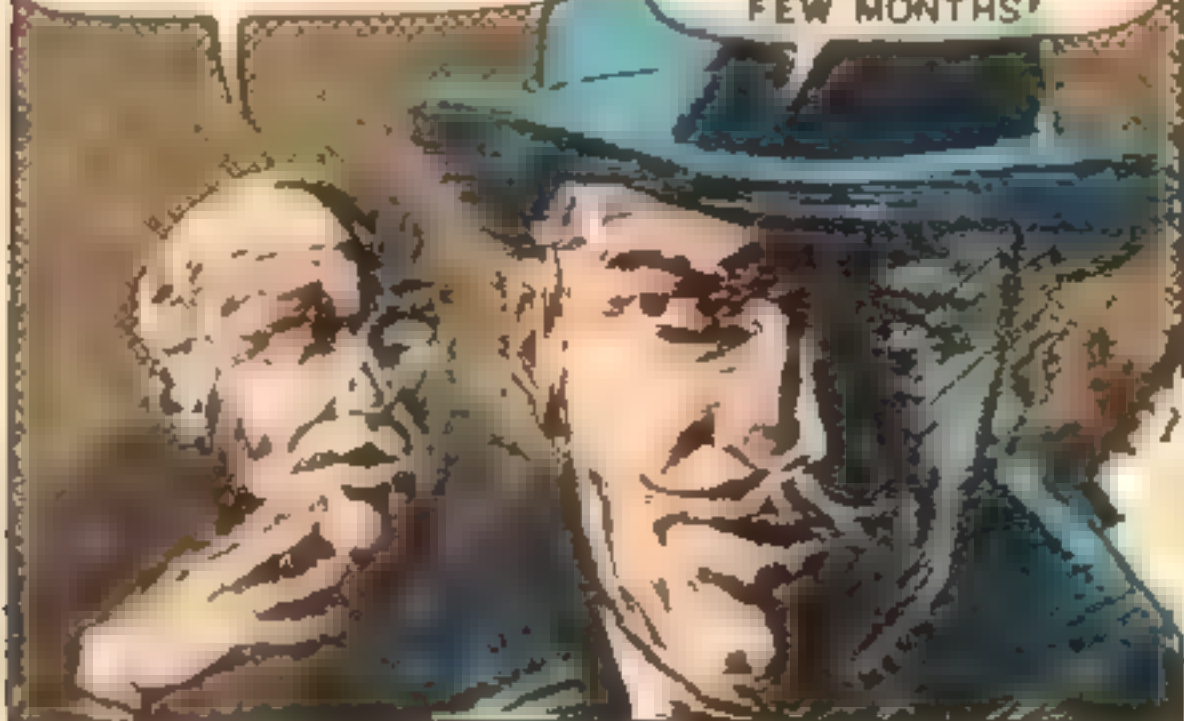
AL  
WILLIAMSON



ALBRECHT DENCH, THE NEWLY-HIRED CARETAKER, SHUFFLED SLOWLY BEHIND MR. BATES, HIS EYES WARILY SCANNING THE DREARY SURROUNDINGS

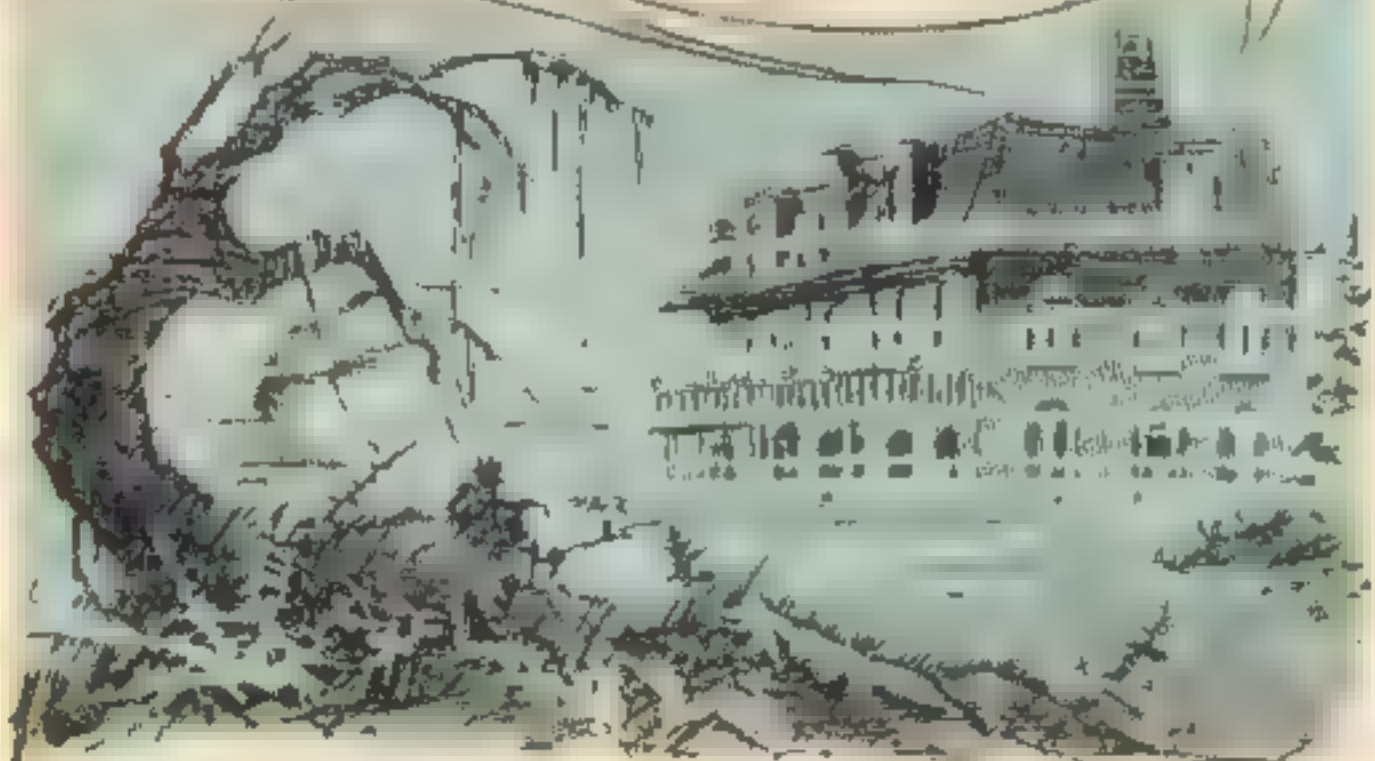
TCH! LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE AIN'T BEEN ANY WORK DONE ON THIS HOUSE IN FIFTY YEARS!

...AND YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT ACTUALLY THE PLACE HAS ONLY BEEN UNOCCUPIED FOR A FEW MONTHS!



PARDON MY SAYING SO, MR. BATES, SIR... BUT THIS HOUSE LIKE TO GIVE A BODY THE SHAKES!

I AGREE...IT *IS* A STRANGE PLACE! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS HOW *OLD* IT IS, AND I'M TOLD IT'S HONEYCOMBED WITH SECRET PANELS AND PASSAGES! AND FOR SOME REASON IT WAS BUILT WITH A *BELL TOWER*!



MUST HAVE BEEN REAL STRANGE PEOPLE LIVIN' HERE!

YES! THE LAST OWNER, AVERY BALLUSK, WAS A WEIRD SORT! WEALTHY BUT MISERLY... AND A RECLUSE AS WELL!



"HE WAS HARDLY EVER SEEN BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE, BUT HE WAS AN UGLY, CRIPPLED GROUCH, WHO HAD A COMPANION TO WAIT ON HIM..."



"THE COMPANION WAS NAMED DREGG! RUDOLPH DREGG! HE DID ALL THE BUYING OF SUPPLIES, AND NURSED AVERY FOR MANY YEARS!"

RUDOLPH, YOU IDIOT! BLOW OUT ALL THOSE CANDLES! YOU'RE WASTING THEM!

ALL RIGHT, AVERY!



"THE REST OF THE STORY IS ONLY SUPPOSITION, BUT IT SEEMS THAT RUDOLPH WAS QUITE ENVIOUS OF AVERY AND WAS ONLY WAITING FOR HIM TO DIE, FOR HE EXPECTED TO INHERIT ALL OF AVERY'S WEALTH..."

I'VE TOLD YOU OFTEN ENOUGH THAT BURNING SO MANY CANDLES IS JUST A WASTE! WHY CAN'T YOU REMEMBER?

ALL RIGHT, AVERY!



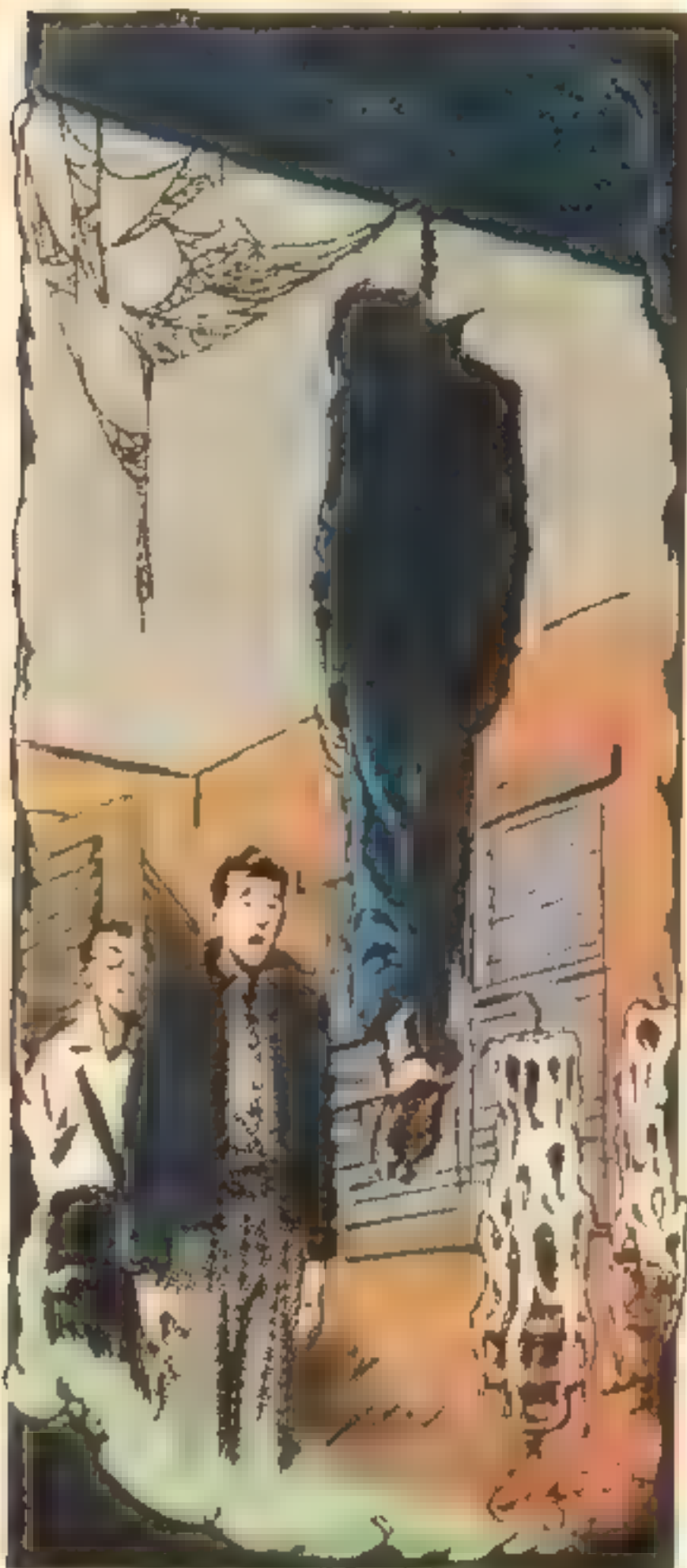
"AS I SAY, THIS IS ONLY SUPPOSITION! NO ONE KNOWS WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED, BUT THEY SAY THAT ONE NIGHT, RUDOLPH LOST HIS PATIENCE..."

EH? THAT YOU, RUDOLPH? RUDOLPH, IS THAT YOU? CONFOUND IT, LIGHT A CANDLE, WILL YOU?





"THE TOWNSPEOPLE HEARD THE STEEPLE-BELL RINGING ALL NIGHT LONG, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY THEY INVESTIGATED. THEY FOUND AVERY HANGED... SWAYING TO AND FRO ON THE BELL ROPE..."



THAT'S QUITE A STORY, MR. BATES' OH... THIS HERE MY ROOM?

YES! I HOPE YOU FIND IT COMFORTABLE! I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE THEY FOUND AVERY BALLUSK *HANGED!*



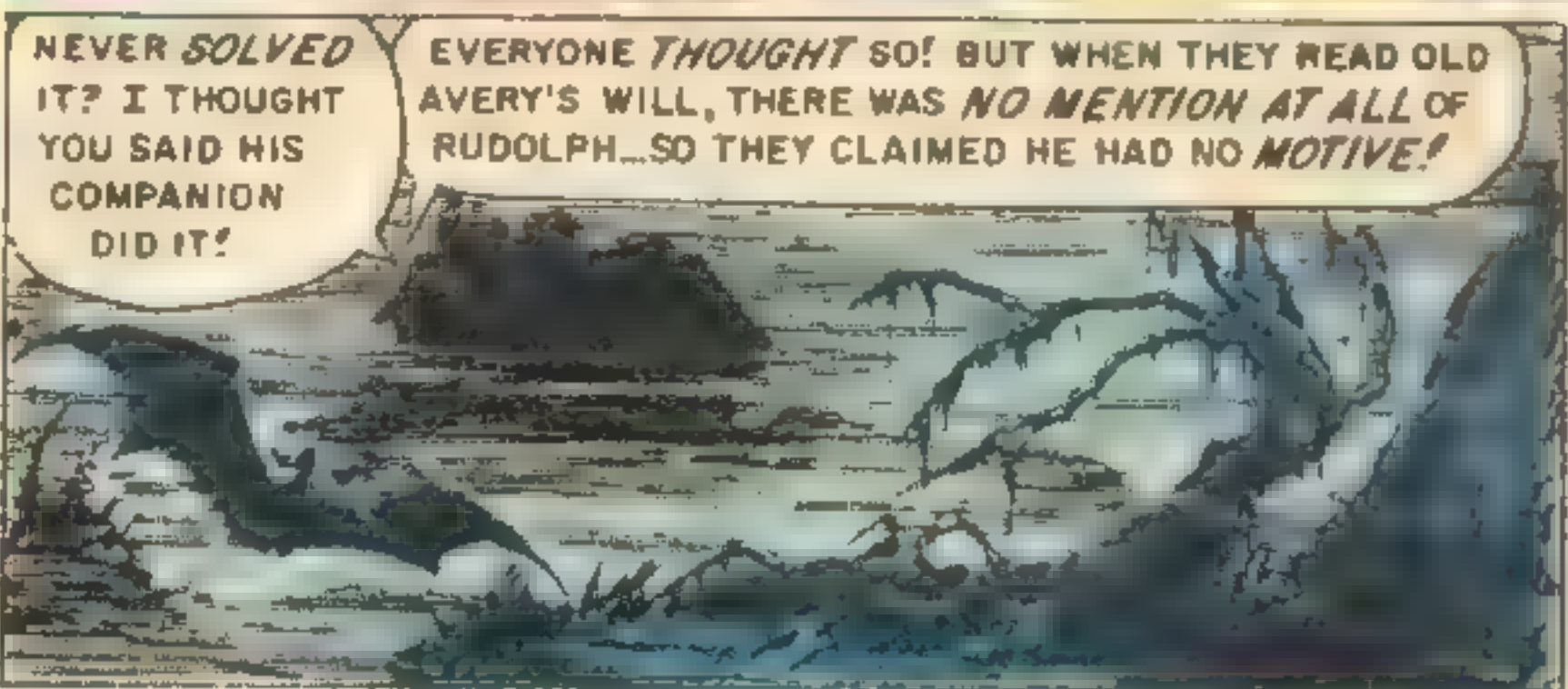
OH... NO, OF COURSE NOT! IS... IS THAT THERE THE SAME ROPE WHAT *HUNG* HIM?

OH YES! THAT'S THE *BELL ROPE!* AN ODD CASE... NEVER DID *SOLVE* IT, YOU KNOW!



NEVER *SOLVED* IT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID HIS COMPANION DID IT?

EVERYONE *THOUGHT* SO! BUT WHEN THEY READ OLD AVERY'S WILL, THERE WAS *NO MENTION* AT ALL OF RUDOLPH... SO THEY CLAIMED HE HAD NO *MOTIVE!*



TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, THE STATE JUST COULDN'T *PROVE* THAT RUDOLPH KILLED AVERY AND FINALLY HE WAS ACQUITTED FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!

GLORY BE...

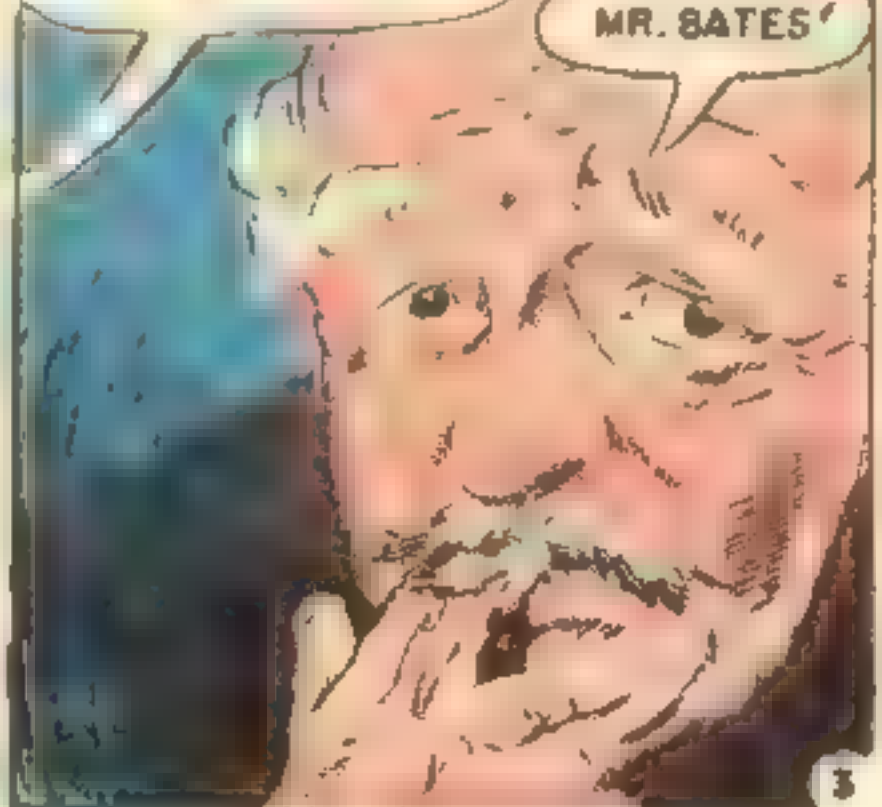


BUT IT WAS RIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL THAT RUDOLPH *DISAPPEARED!* AND NO ONE HAS THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! ALL THIS TOOK PLACE, AS I SAID, SEVERAL MONTHS AGO!



AND SINCE THE LEGAL FIRM I REPRESENT WISHES TO SELL THIS HOUSE, NUMEROUS REPAIRS MUST FIRST BE DONE! YOUR JOB IS TO TAKE CARE OF THE PLACE IN GENERAL!

I SEE, MR. BATES'





WELL, I MUST BE LEAVING' I'M SURE YOU'LL ENCOUNTER NO DIFFICULTIES, BUT I MUST CAUTION YOU TO BE *CAREFUL*, IF YOU DISCOVER ANY SECRET *PANELS* OR *PASSAGES*! YOU UNDERSTAND?

OH, YES, SIR' I'LL BE *VERY* CAREFUL, HAVE NO FEAR'



MR. DENCH LISTENED TO THE STEPS GRADUALLY FADING DOWN THE CORRIDORS TO THE FRONT OF THE OLD HOUSE. HE HEARD THE FRONT DOOR SLAM SHUT...AND SUDDENLY HE FELT VERY MUCH...TOO MUCH...ALONE!

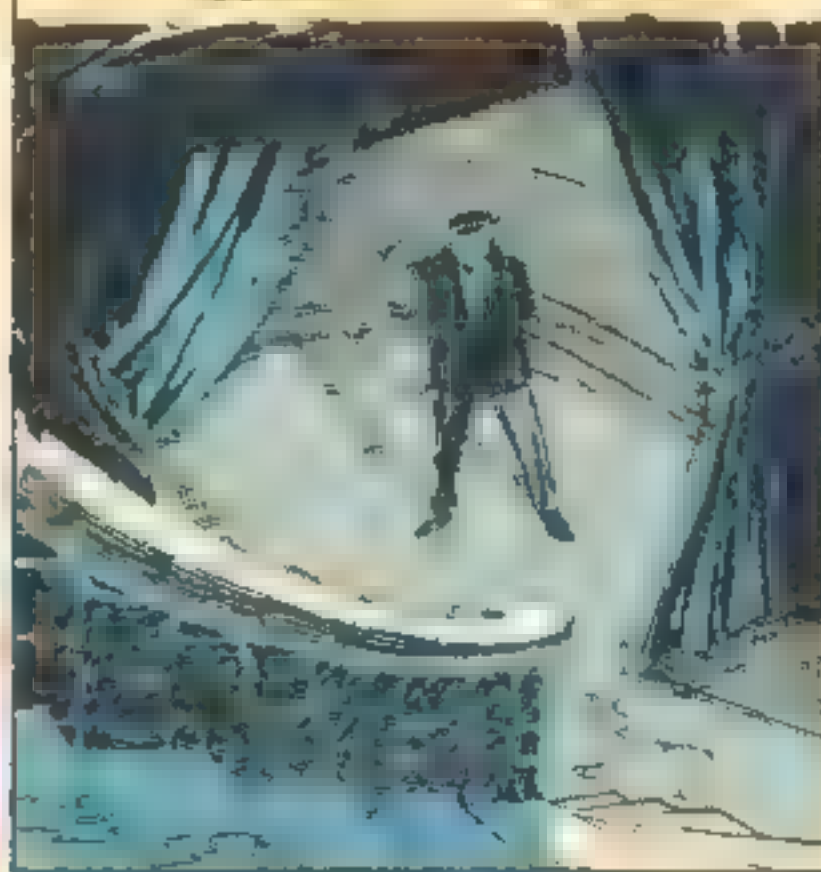
DANGED IF I LIKE THIS PLACE' IF I DIDN'T *NEED* THE *JOB*...



FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS, MR DENCH PROWLED THE HUGE HOUSE, FAMILIARIZING HIMSELF WITH IT, JUMPING AT THE SOUND OF EVERY SCUTTling RAT..



EXPLORING NERVOUSLY THE DANK, MUSTY CELLAR, THE MANY BLACK, GLOOMY STAIRWELLS . BRUSHING ASIDE THE COBWEBS THAT SEEMED TO COVER ALL .



UNTIL WITH A *PANIC* HE FELT HE WAS LOST IN THE MAZE OF ROOMS AND CORRIDORS . UNTIL HE FELT THE OUTSIDE WORLD NEVER WAS .



...AND IN SPITE OF HIMSELF HE RAN BLINDLY IN THE ECHOING HALLS, DOWN CLATTERING STAIRS TO THE MAIN HALL, THE REAR CORRIDOR . HIS ROOM

DANGED IF N I LIKE THIS HOUSE!



IF I DON'T STOP THIS SHAKIN', I'LL NEVER GET THIS BLASTED CANDLE LIT'



HE HUDDLED CLOSE TO THE CANDLE, GRATEFUL FOR ITS MEAGER LIGHT, AND STUDIED HIS SURROUNDINGS. HE COULDN'T TAKE HIS EYES FROM THE BELL-ROPE THAT RAN UP THROUGH A GAPING HOLE IN THE CEILING

QUEER PLACE' WHY THEY WANT A BELL FOR ANYWAY? MUST BE COLDER'N A HOUND'S TOOTH HERE DURIN' THE WINTER'





IN COMPLIANCE WITH HIS ORDERS, MR. DENCH FORCED HIMSELF TO MAKE A TOUR OF THE OLD MANSION BEFORE GOING TO BED. HE ROAMED THROUGH THE HALLS, HIS HEART FLUTTERING BECAUSE OF HIS BROWING FEAR.

THERE GO THEM SOUNDS! DANGED! SURE FEEL A LOT BETTER IF THAT MURDERER WERE LOCKED UP 'STEAD OF RUNNIN' LOOSE SOMEWHERE!



NO TELLIN' *WHERE* HE IS! PEOPLE JUST DON'T *VANISH*! MIGHT...MIGHT EVEN BE RIGHT HERE IN THIS HOUSE WITH ME RIGHT NOW!

*DANGED!* MAYBE THAT'S *HIM* MAKIN' ALL THAT NOISE 'TWEEN THE WALLS!

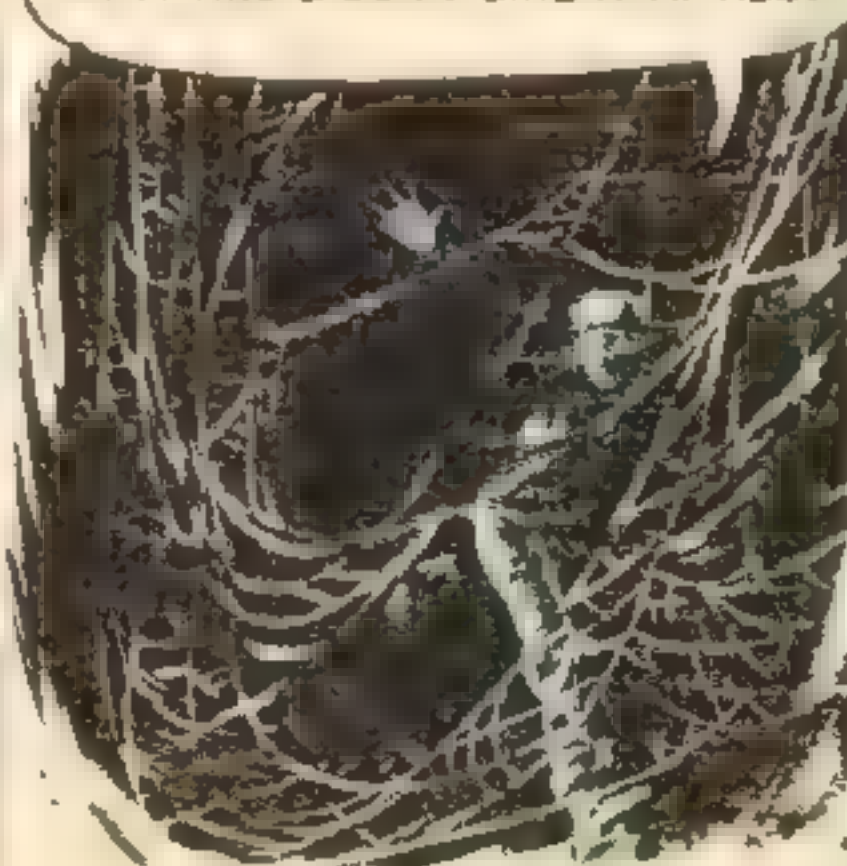


HE MOVED QUIETLY TO THE UNUSED KITCHEN, OPENED THE PANTRY DOOR...

*PSHAW!* STUFF AND NONSENSE! A GOOD HOT CUP OF JAVA WILL FIX MY HEAD TO THINKIN' RIGHT... *LANDAMIGHTY!* SOMEONE'S BEEN PILFERIN' MY GRUB!

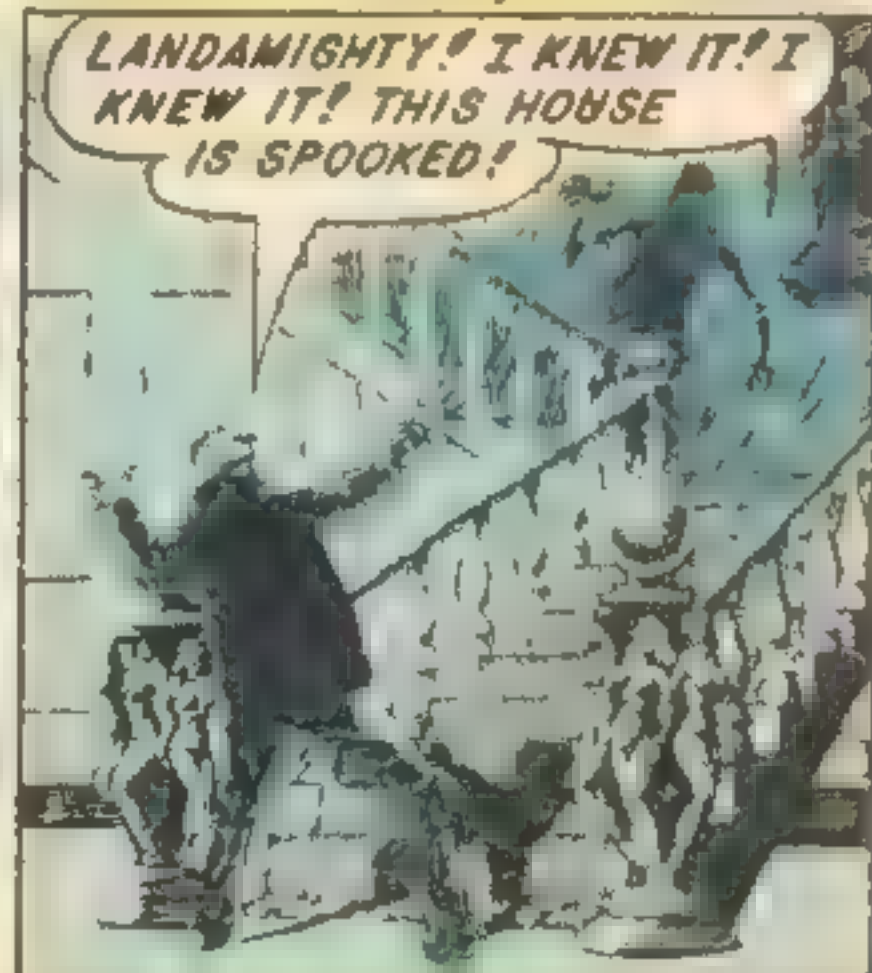


AIN'T NO *RATS* STEALIN' BREAD AND BEANS AN' COFFEE! THIS HOUSE IS HIDIN' MORE'N JUST *ME* IN IT AND I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL!



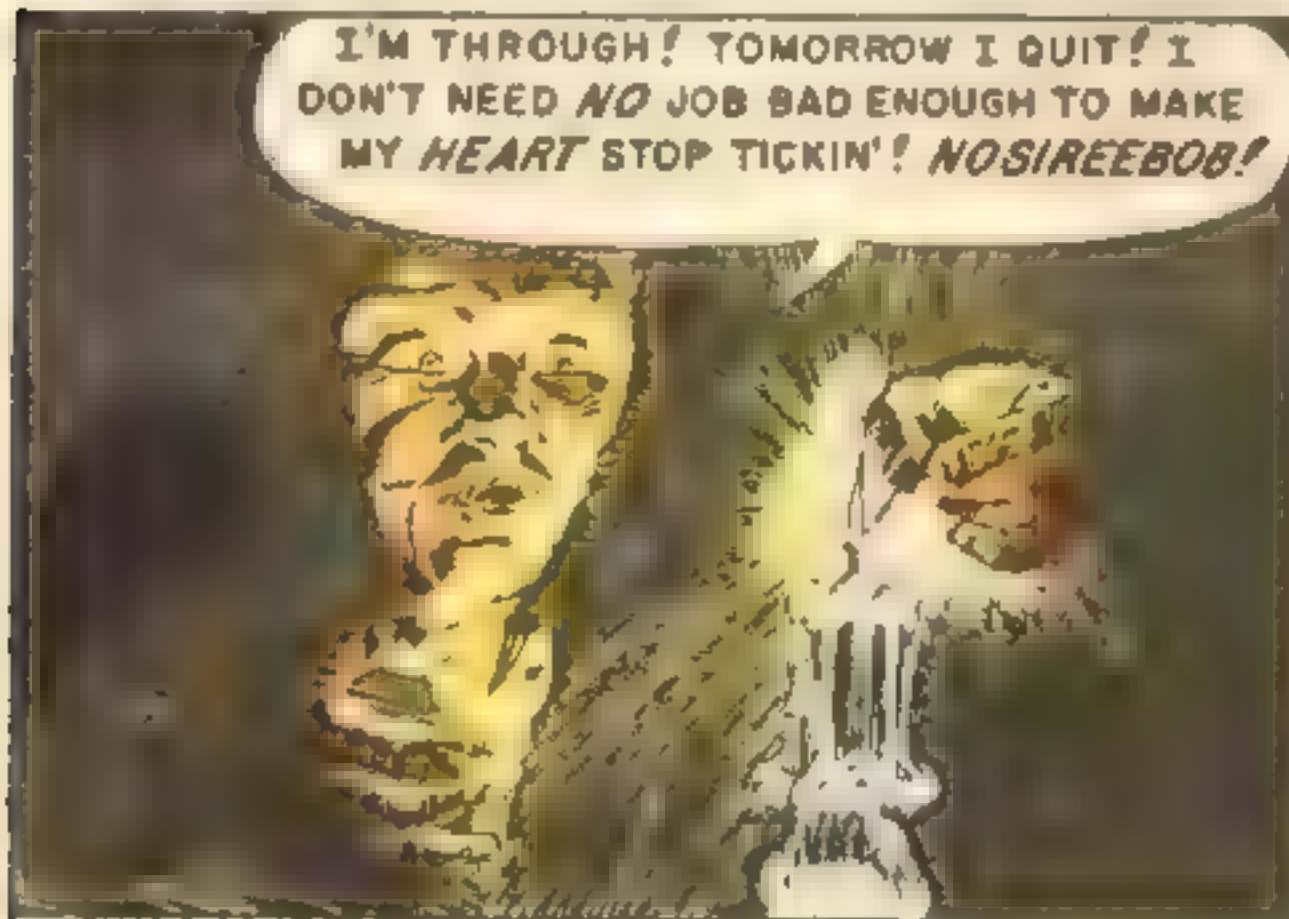
HE REACHED THE END OF THE HALL, TURNED THE CORNER, AND AS HE PASSED THE STAIRS, HE GLANCED UP!

*LANDAMIGHTY!* I *KNEW* IT! I *KNEW* IT! THIS HOUSE IS SPOOKED!



**T**ERRIFIED, HE RAN BACK TO HIS ROOM, SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND LOCKED IT! GASPING FOR AIR, HE STAGGERED TO HIS BED, FUMBLINGLY LIGHTED THE CANDLE

I'M THROUGH! TOMORROW I QUIT! I DON'T NEED *NO* JOB BAD ENOUGH TO MAKE MY *HEART* STOP TICKIN'! *NOSIREEBOB!*



HE SAT CLOSE TO THE GLOWING CANDLE, LISTENING TO THE CLUMPINGS AND SCURRYINGS... AND AS HE SAT, HE REALIZED WITH A SHOCK THAT THE SOUNDS HAD CHANGED.

*DOGBONE!* SOUNDS SOUNDS KINDA LIKE *FOOTSTEPS* KINDA! AN' THEY'RE COMIN' THIS WAY!





HE LISTENED INTENTLY, HOPING THAT HIS EARS WERE DECEIVING HIM, PRAYING THAT THE PAIN IN HIS CHEST WOULD CEASE! THE SHUFFLING STEPS CREPT CLOSER, TILL HE HEARD THEM STOP. JUST OUTSIDE HIS DOOR!



HE WAITED, STARING BREATHLESSLY AT THE DOOR! AND THEN HE HEARD THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE LOCK, THE SQUEAKING TURNING OF THE KNOB... AND THE DOOR CREAKED SLOWLY OPEN! INSTANTLY, A SEVERE DRAFT RUSHED THROUGH THE ROOM...



BLACKNESS ENGULFED HIM! HE TRIED TO FIND MATCHES BUT ONLY KNOCKED OVER THE CANDLE! HE STOPPED... THE FOOTSTEPS WERE MOVING TOWARD HIM...



HE FELT A COLD CLAMMINESS NEAR HIM! THE STEPS WERE DIRECTLY BESIDE HIM, MOVING CLOSER, AND AS HIS IMMENSE TERROR CONSTRICTED HIS HEART, HE SCREAMED!



A SEARING, AGONIZING PAIN SHOT THROUGH HIS CHEST! HE CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART, GASPING, TREMBLING! HIS HEAD SWAM, AND DIMLY, THROUGH THE WHIRLPOOL, HE SENSED THE FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING AWAY...



THE MONOTONOUS TOLLING OF THE BELL AROUSED THE TOWNSPEOPLE THE FOLLOWING MORNING. GREATLY EXCITED, HIGHLY CURIOUS, THEY BANDED TOGETHER TO INVESTIGATE. THEY FOUND THE NEW CARETAKER LYING ON HIS BED, DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK. IN THE ROOM'S CORNER THE MISSING COMPANION WAS HANGING LIMPLY FROM THE BELL-ROPE! AND BENEATH HIM, SPRAWLED GROTESQUELY ON THE FLOOR, WAS THE ROTTED, STINKING CORPSE OF THE FORMER OWNER, AVERY



THE  
END

HEH, HEH! MR. DENGH, THE NEW CARETAKER, SHOULD HAVE HIRED A CARETAKER TO TAKE CARE OF HIM! ACTUALLY, ALL THE NOISE HE HEARD BETWEEN THE WALLS *WASN'T* RATS... IT WAS AVERY AND HIS COMPANION—MURDERER HAVING A *RAT-RACE*! HEH, HEH! (THE COMPANION LOST.) ANYWAY, IF YOU DON'T HAVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS MAG, SEND A BUCK (CASH) TO ME! YOU'LL FIND THE ADDRESS *SOMEWHERE*, SO DON'T BE SO LAZY! IT'S GOOD READING! (HEH!)





# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

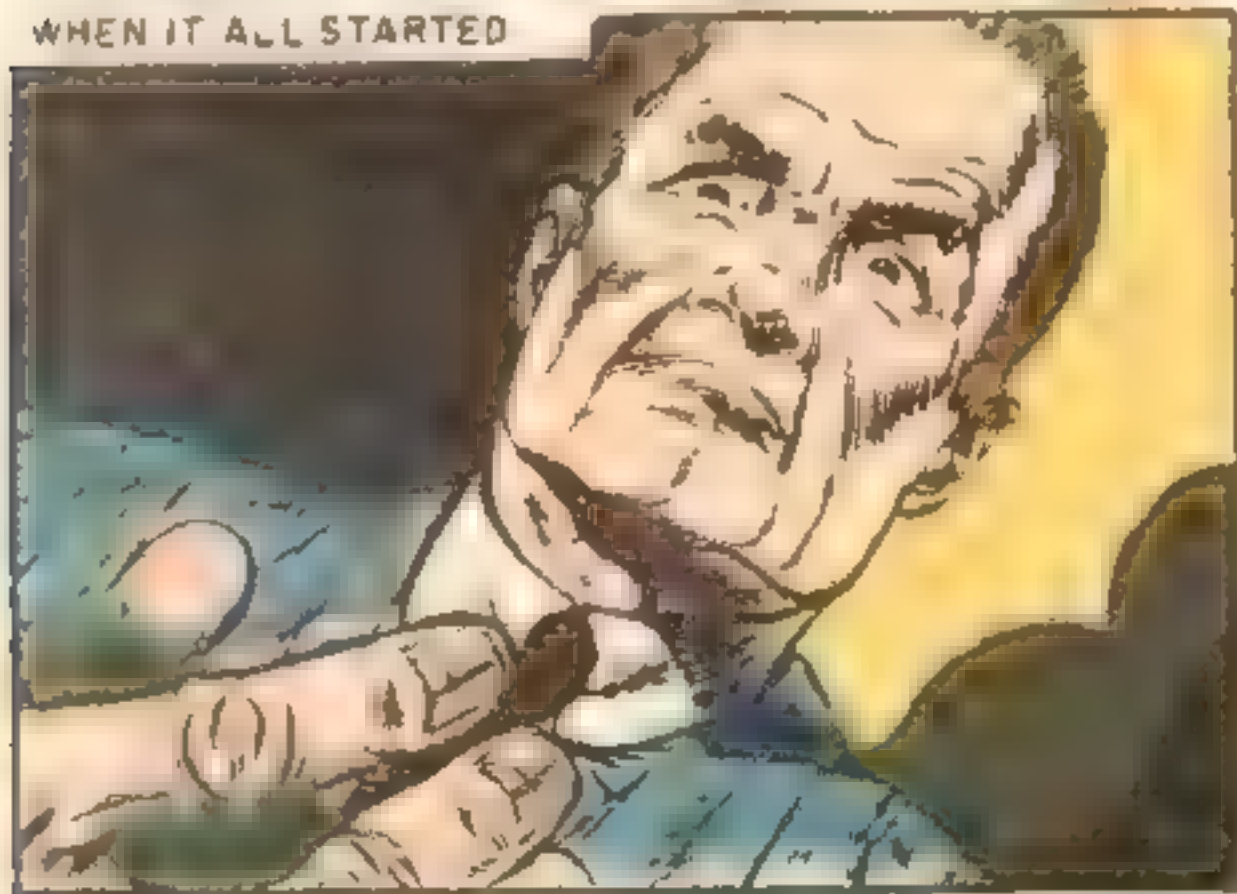
HEE, HEE! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M LAUGHING! I REALLY SHOULD BE *BAWLING* OVER THIS *FOUL FARE* I'M READY TO SERVE YOU *SLOP-LOVING SLOBS*! IT'S THE MOST *PITIFUL PULING PUTRESCENCE* I EVER *THREW UP* TO YOU. . STIRRED WITH SICKENING SADNESS, STEWED WITH A NAUSEATING NIAGRA OF TEARS, SEASONED WITH P TTY PEPPER TO A *POLLUTED DELICACY*, AND GARNISHED WITH SYMPATHY SLIME! OF COURSE, THIS TALE ALSO HAS *IRONY* FOR YOUR *BLOOD*, YOU KNOW! SO, SPOONS READY, FINGERS AT NOSES. . NOW GOBBLE UP THIS *GRUESOME GARBAGE* I CALL...

## OH! HENRY!





YOU SIT THERE, DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT LIONEL HART, YOUR FACE TWISTED, YOUR MIND SEETHING. STARING AT THE TEN DOLLAR BILL IN YOUR HAND! YOU STARE AT YOUR NOW USELESS MONEY AND YOU THINK BACK TO WHEN IT ALL STARTED



YOU NEVER *DID* TAKE ANY GUFF FROM THOSE GRIFTERS, HART! THAT'S WHY YOUR FELLOW OFFICERS CALLED YOU '*HARD HART*'! YOU TAUGHT THEM RESPECT FOR THE LAW

RESISTING ARREST, HAH?



FILTHY BEGGARS! *THAT'S* WHAT THEY *DESERVED*! YOU HAD TO *PROTECT SOCIETY*! YOU HAD TO UPHOLD THE LAW! IT WAS YOUR *DUTY*!

G'MON, PUNK! I'M RUNNIN' YOU IN!



IT GAVE YOU A SENSE OF POWER TO BE AN OFFICER OF THE LAW, DIDN'T IT, HART? YOU SWAGGERED DOWN THE STREET *LOOKING* FOR TROUBLE.



AND IF THINGS GOT SLOW, THERE WAS ALWAYS THE RAGGED MOOCHERS, THE MISERABLE, DOWNTRODDEN WRETCHES YOU ARRESTED FOR VAGRANCY IN YOUR ZEAL TO CARRY OUT THE LAW TO ITS FINAL LETTER

G'MON, YOU DRUNKEN BUMS! ON YOUR FEET! G'MON! YOU CAN SLEEP IT OFF IN A JAIL CELL!



IT WAS JUST ONE MONTH AGO, LIONEL HART, THAT YOU PROWLED YOUR BEAT AS A PLAINCLOTHESMAN, COVERING THE MIDTOWN SECTION. IT HAD BEEN A GOOD DAY...YOU CAUGHT A PICK-POCKET RED-HANDED!

ALL RIGHT, YOU! LET'S HAVE THAT WALLET YOU JUST LIFTED!

WHA? WHO? ME? LISTEN, YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG!



YES, IT HAD BEEN A MOST SATISFYING DAY! BUT THE *BEST* WAS YET TO COME...FOR AS YOU PASSED THE LITTLE GROCERY STORE, YOU HAPPENED TO GLANCE IN.. AND YOU SAW THE LITTLE OLD LADY NERVOUSLY STUFFING A LOAF OF BREAD INTO HER SHOPPING BAG

HMPF! ACTING SUSPICIOUS! I'LL JUST WAIT AND SEE!





YOU WATCHED HER CLOSELY, HART!  
YOU SAW THE STOREKEEPER TURN  
TO WAIT ON A CUSTOMER, SAW THE  
LITTLE LADY HURRY FROM THE  
PLACE...

NOT SO FAST,  
LADY! YOU'RE  
UNDER ARREST!

EH? OH...PLEASE!  
I...I WAS GOING  
TO PAY!

YOU HAD HER SIZED UP, ALL RIGHT!  
JUST A SNEAKY DAME WHO MADE A  
PRACTICE OF LEECHING! YOU CALLED  
HER *BLUFF*, DIDN'T YOU, HART?

OKAY! THEN  
PAY THE MAN!

ER WELL...  
IT...IT SEEMS...  
DEAR ME! OH,  
DEAR ME!

PLEASE, OFFICER! I...I KNOW IT  
LOOKS BAD! BUT I'M NOT A *THIEF*!  
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER TOOK  
*ANY* THING! HONESTLY! I WAS  
*DESPERATE*! MY HUSBAND IS SICK!  
HE'S HOME NOW...WAITING FOR ME!

IT MADE YOU FEEL GOOD TO KNOW SHE WAS *CAUGHT*!  
YOU REMEMBER HOW SHE GABBLER ON! YOU EVEN  
ADMIRER HER *ACTING*...WITH HER SWEET OLD FACE  
SO TROUBLED, HER GENTLE VOICE SO PAINED...

MY POOR HENRY! HE'S AN *INVALID*. IN A  
*WHEELCHAIR*! I SUPPORTED HIM BY SEWING..  
UNTIL I GOT ARTHRITIS SO BAD IN MY FINGERS!  
WE HAVE NO...NO *MONEY*! I...I...

YOU HAD TO ADMIT IT WAS A DILLY OF A STORY, HART...AND  
YOU'D LISTENED TO SOME OF THE *BEST*!

YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, OFFICER? MY HENRY...  
HE'S *HELPLESS*! I HAVE TO *FEED* HIM! HE *NEEDS*  
FOOD OR HE'LL *DIE*! HE'LL *STARVE* TO DEATH! I...  
I *HAD* TO BRING HIM...*SOMETHING*!

THE STORIES THEY MADE UP OUT OF THIN AIR TO  
COVER THEIR ROTTEN CRIMES MADE YOU *BOIL*! YOU  
SNARLED TO SHUT HER UP, BUT WHO SHOULD STEP IN  
BUT THE *ROBBED* STOREKEEPER HIMSELF!

WAIT! DON'T ARREST HER!  
IF SHE NEEDS THE FOOD  
*THAT* BADLY, WHY...

WHAT?! DON'T TELL  
ME YOU *FELL* FOR THAT  
SOB STORY! SHE'S  
JUST TRYING TO WORM  
HER WAY FREE!

LOOK... IT'S ONLY A  
*DOLLAR'S* WORTH OF  
STUFF! I WON'T  
PRESS CHARGES!

WELL I WILL! I *SAW* HER  
STEAL IT! I *CAUGHT* HER!  
NO *CROOK* IS GOING TO MAKE  
A FOOL OF ME!



OFFICER, PLEASE! PERHAPS IT *WAS* WRONG OF ME TO DO WHAT I DID, BUT I HAD NO OTHER WAY! *PLEASE!* I *MUST* HAVE FOOD FOR HENRY! TRY TO UNDERSTAND! I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH!

*NOTHING DOING!* YOU BROKE THE LAW!

COULDN'T *YOU* LEND ME THE DOLLAR TO PAY FOR THIS FOOD? I BEG OF YOU! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK...*ANYTHING!* IT'S ONLY A *DOLLAR!* PLEASE! (SOB)

COME ON, *SISTER!* TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!



YOU REMEMBER HOW SHE SOBBED ALL THE WAY TO THE STATIONHOUSE. HOW THE SERGEANT DREW YOU ASIDE...

LOOK, LIEUTENANT! SHE'S A SWEET OLD DAME! COULDN'T WE JUST...

*NO!* I SAID *BOOK HER* FOR *SHOP-LIFTING!*

THE SERGEANT HAD BOOKED HER

I'LL SEE THAT THE JUDGE SLAPS YOU WITH *SIXTY DAYS* FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GIVEN ME!

*SIXTY DAYS?* OH NO...*NO!* MY POOR HENRY! HE'LL *STARVE!*

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! HENRY'S ALL ALONE! HE'S *PARALYZED!* HE'S *COMPLETELY HELPLESS!* HE (SOB) HE CAN'T EVEN CALL FOR HELP! I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO CARES FOR HIM...WHO KEEPS HIM *ALIVE!* PLEASE...*PLEASE!*



YOU WERE SICK OF LISTENING TO HER LYING DRIVEL, WEREN'T YOU? YOU WERE GLAD WHEN YOU FINALLY REACHED HER CELL...WHEN THE JAILER OPENED IT

I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! BUT GO WHERE WE *LIVE*...THE OLD SHACK ON STONE STREET...ACROSS THE TRACKS! YOU'LL FIND HIM THERE...*WAITING* FOR ME! *DON'T* LET HIM STARVE! GO AND *HELP* HIM! (SOB)

THE CELL DOOR CLANGED SHUT AND YOU TURNED AWAY COLDLY, LIONEL HART! YOU *IGNORED* HER SUPPLICATING HAND STRETCHED OUT TO YOU...

*PLEASE!* FOR THE SAKE OF AN OLD WOMAN! WILL YOU *HELP* MY POOR HENRY? OH PLEASE! *PLEASE!*

CUT IT OUT, *SISTER!* I'LL SEE YOU IN COURT!



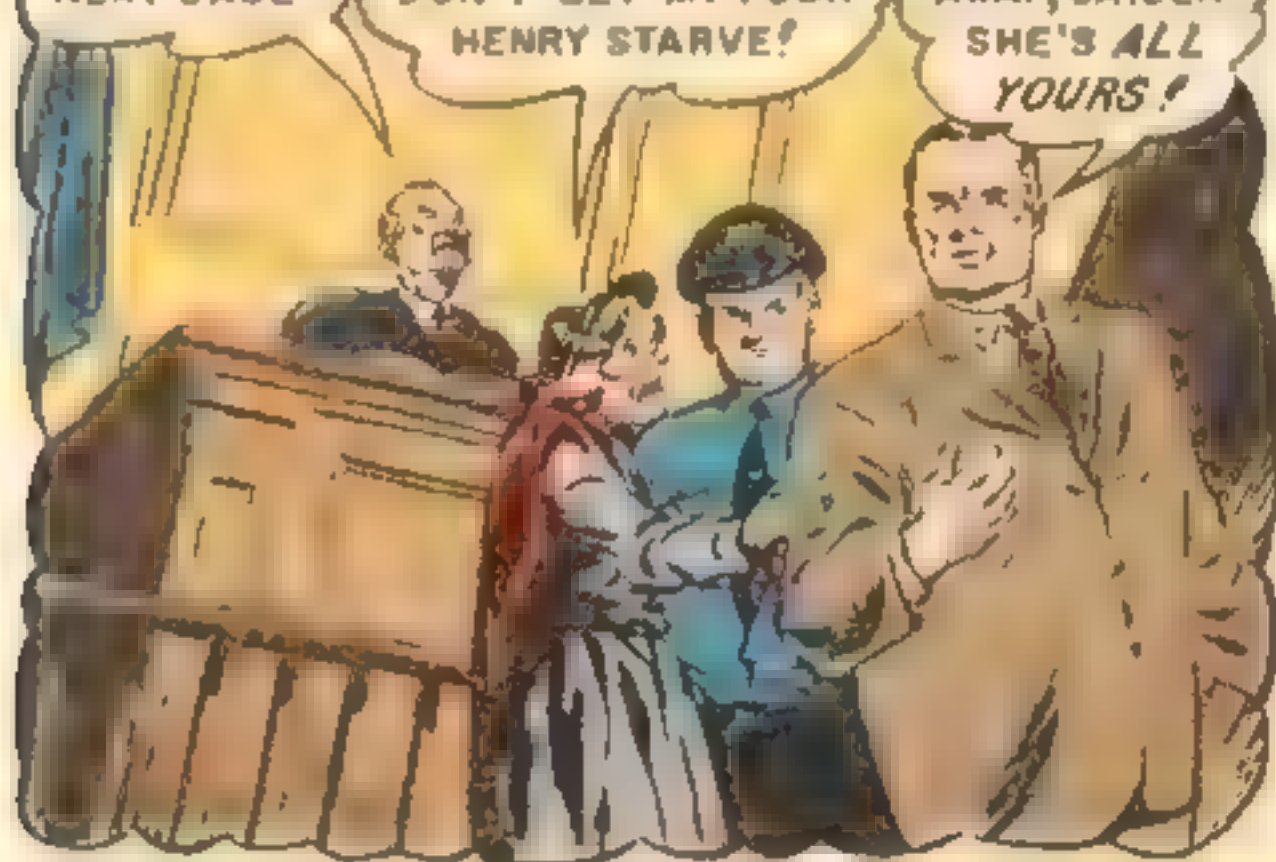


YOU SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT! AND IN COURT THE NEXT DAY, YOU HUSTLED HER THROUGH, SO SHE WOULDN'T WASTE THE JUDGE'S TIME WITH HER PACK OF LIES...

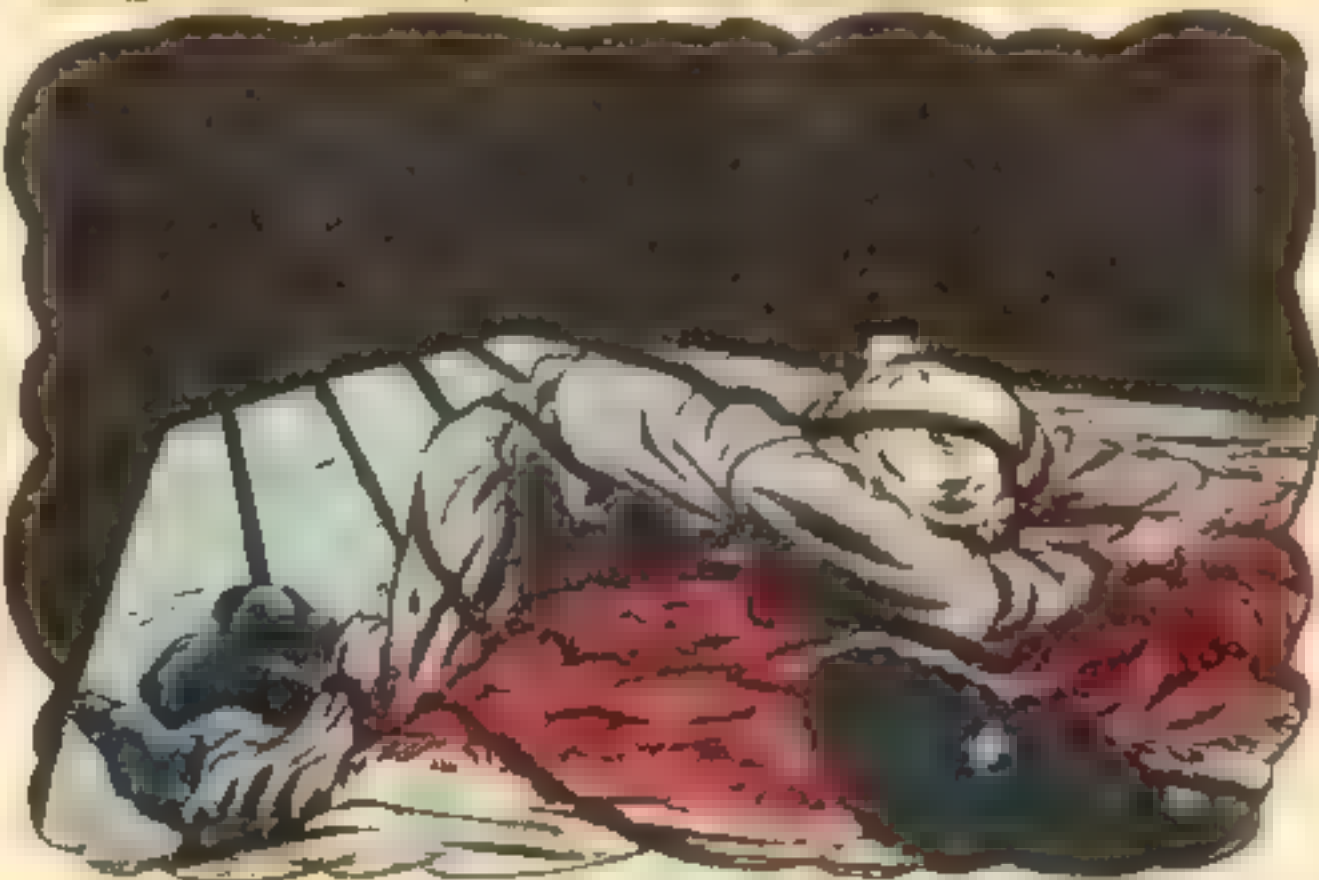
SIXTY DAYS! NEXT CASE!

LIEUTENANT! PLEASE! DON'T LET MY POOR HENRY STARVE!

TAKE HER AWAY, JAILER! SHE'S ALL YOURS!



YOU LEFT HER THEN, HART, TO BE THROWN IN A STEEL CELL. YOUR JOB WAS DONE! YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO CHECK UP ON HER OBVIOUS LIES...IF YOU BELIEVED EVERYTHING THEY TOLD YOU, THE JAIL WOULD BE *EMPTY*! YOU NEVER GAVE A THOUGHT TO HER MISERY AND ANGUISH...



AND THEN YOU HEARD HOW SHE HAD BEEN RELEASED IN *ONE MONTH* FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR

HOW DO YOU *LIKE* THAT?! SHE'LL BE BACK TO SHOPLIFTING IN NO TIME!



YOU DECIDED TO SEE HER .TO WARN HER THAT YOU'D BE KEEPING AN EYE ON HER, THAT SHE'D BEST GO STRAIGHT!

... BET SHE GAVE ME A PHONY...NO... THERE'S THE SHACK... JUST LIKE SHE SAID!



HMM...DOOR OPEN! SHE WAS FREED THIS AFTERNOON... SHOULD BE HERE SOON. I'LL WAIT INSIDE...SNOOP AROUND A BIT! NEVER CAN TELL...



YOU ENTERED THE DRAB LITTLE HOVEL, AND IN THE WAN LIGHT YOU TRIED TO PEER THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE ROOM. YOU OPENED A BUREAU DRAWER...

HMP! NOTHING VALUABLE *HERE*! GUESS SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT BEING *POOR*, ANYWAY!

WHAT'S *THAT* ROOM?



YOU SWUNG OPEN THE CREAKY DOOR, HART! YOU SAW LITTLE IN THE DIM MOONLIGHT...BUT THEN SUDDENLY YOU *STIFFENED IN SHOCK*!

WHA...WHAT'S *THAT*!? A *WHEEL*...TWO...TWO *WHEELS*! OH, NO!





WHY DID YOUR EYES BULGE, LIEUTENANT? WHAT DID YOU SEE THAT SENT A SMASHING SHOCK-WAVE THROUGH YOUR BRAIN? WHAT RIPPED A MOANING GASP FROM YOUR LIPS, TURNED YOUR MUSCLES TO WATER AND MADE YOUR HEART THUD AGAINST YOUR RIBS LIKE A WILD THING?

NO... NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



BUT IT WAS! THE ONE THING YOU DIDN'T EXPECT OR WANT TO SEE! THE *PROOF* THAT THE OLD LADY HAD *NOT LIED!* THE PROOF SITTING IN THE WHEELCHAIR... NOT MOVING... SO VERY SILENT... SO VERY, *VERY STILL!*

HENRY!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO FEEL FOR HIS PULSE, HART... THAT HAD BEEN GONE A *LONG* TIME! YOU COULD TELL... THE CONDITION OF THE BODY... THE FOUL, SICKENING STENCH...

...DIED... HELPLESS! RIGHT IN... IN THE CHAIR!



HIS SIGHTLESS EYES ACCUSED YOU! IN ONE SICKENING MOMENT YOU SAW THIS PARALYZED OLD MAN... ALL ALONE... WAITING FOR THE ONE PERSON WHO COULD COME BACK AND *SAVE HIM!*

AND I... I PUT HER... *BEHIND BARS!*



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, YOU CRINGED... YOU WHIMPERED! STARKLY, IT FACED YOU... AND YOU HAD TO SPILL IT FROM YOUR LIPS BEFORE IT *STRANGL*ED YOU!

I I KILLED HIM!



THEN YOU HEARD THE SOUND BEHIND YOU... THE SOFT STEP! YOU WHIRLED... AND THERE WAS THE LITTLE OLD LADY BACK FROM PRISON! WHAT WOULD SHE *SAY*...?

WHY... HELLO, LIEUTENANT! HOW NICE TO FIND YOU HERE.. KEEPING HENRY COMPANY!



DIDN'T SHE *KNOW*? COULDN'T SHE *GUESS*? YOU STOOD IN DUMB PANIC AS SHE BUSTLED OVER TO THE... THE *THING* IN THE WHEEL-CHAIR... BENT DOWN AND *KISSED* THE COLD CHEEK..

HELLO, HENRY DEAR! DID YOU THINK I'D *NEVER* COME BACK.. IN TIME TO *FEED* YOU?





SHE SPOKE AS IF SHE HAD BEEN GONE *ONLY AN HOUR!* AS IF SHE HAD RETURNED *QUICKLY* WITH THE FOOD HE HAD NEEDED... A *MONTH* AGO!

YOU GULPED DOWN THE BITTER CUP, YOUR MIND CHURNING IN REMORSE! HER NEXT WORDS LASHED YOU LIKE A WHIP...

SHE WAS *CRAZY!* BUT YOU HAD TO ATONE... TO MAKE AMENDS! YOU DREW A TEN DOLLAR BILL FROM YOUR WALLET...



WON'T YOU HAVE SOME *TEA*, LIEUTENANT? IT'S ALL I CAN OFFER! YOU UNDERSTAND!

AH... ER... WHY... YES! YES, THANK YOU!



NOW I MUST *FEED* POOR HENRY!



HERE, MADAM! PLEASE TAKE IT... *PLEASE!*

OH, I WON'T NEED *THAT!* HENRY'S MEAL IS TAKEN CARE OF ALREADY!

BUT WHY WERE YOUR ARMS SO *STIFF*, SUDDENLY? WHY DID YOUR MUSCLES SEEM TO *FREEZE*? AND THEN YOU HEARD HER SPEAK AGAIN, SO SWEETLY... WITH THAT WARM, FRIENDLY SMILE...



YOU SEE, I *POISONED* YOU, LIEUTENANT! IN THE *TEA*... *RAT POISON!* IT KILLS MEN *SLOWER* THAN RATS... HEH, HEH! IT *PARALYZES* THEM FIRST!

ALL THE WAY HOME, I WAS *THINKING*... WHAT CAN I FEED POOR HENRY? HE'LL BE *SO HUNGRY!* *STARVED*, YOU MIGHT SAY... AFTER A *WHOLE MONTH!* BUT WHEN I SAW YOU WAITING FOR ME HERE, IT CAME TO ME! HEH! IT WAS SO *SIMPLE!* SO VERY SIMPLE!



SO YOU SIT THERE, DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT LIONEL "HARD" HART, YOUR FACE TWISTED... WITH *PAIN!* YOUR MIND SEETHING... WITH *AGONY!* YOUR *MUSCLES* ARE PARALYZED, BUT *NOT* YOUR *NERVES*... DOWN IN YOUR *FEET* WHERE THE *CUTTING* STARTS! AND YOU STARE SO HELPLESSLY AT THE MONEY IN YOUR HANDS! THE *USELESS* MONEY... THAT A *MONTH* AGO WOULD HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE *TEN TIMES* OVER!



HEH, HEH! YOU SHALL *EAT WELL*, HENRY, DEAR... *HAHAHA!*

THE  
END

HEE, HEE! NOW WASN'T THAT *SWEET* OF THE OLD LADY TO FORGIVE ALL, AND HAVE HIM FOR *DINNER!* ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW HART ENDED UP IN THE *SOUP*. NOT TO MENTION THE *ENTREE* AND ALL THE *FIXINGS!* *DESSERT*, ANYONE? HEY! DON'T TURN *GREEN*... TURN THE PAGE!



OH! THIS IS THE *END* OF THE BOOK, ISN'T IT? WELL, TILL NEXT TIME, THEN... 'BYEEEE-EE!



# NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



## JETEX F-102

### SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the Jetex F-102 \$2.90. a total cost of \$4.85.

Rush the coupon and you get both the Jetex F-102 and the Jetex #50 jet engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges. C.O.D.)

**\$1.98**

Includes fuel supply.

### GUARANTEED TO FLY!

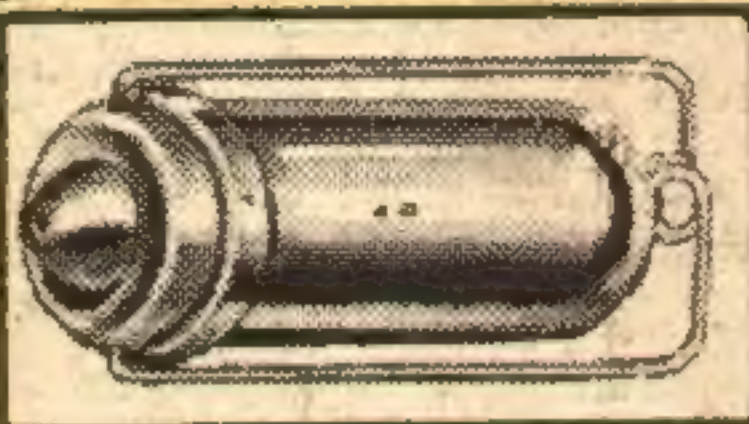
The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

### FLASH!

As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

## AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 800 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



- Complete with Jet Engine
- Genuine Balsa Wood

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

The Jetex F-102 is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous Jetex #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane is made of GENUINE BALSA WOOD throughout. Its special construction gives it terrific strength and durability and with ordinary care the Jetex F-102 will give hundreds of fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

DEPT. EE-3

JETEX F-102 HUNTINGTON, N. Y.

**RUSH!**

Please rush the JETEX F-102 and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

DEPT. EE-3 JETEX F-102 HUNTINGTON, N. Y.



# \$100,000 NEW WATCHES HAVE ARRIVED FROM SWITZERLAND!

**IMPORTER'S CUT PRICE DIRECT TO YOU!**

**Pay LESS than SWISS retail price!**

**WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EACH WATCH!**

**4 MODELS  
your choice:**

**5<sup>44</sup>**  
**PLUS  
TAX**

## SHOCK RESISTOR

**Drop it . . . Bang it!**

The Staff Shock Absorber built into this remarkable watch is one of the greatest inventions since the creation of timepieces. Saves time, worry, expense. Ideal for active men, school boys. No need to remove from wrist when playing baseball, football, bowling! Drop it! Bang it! Actually defies breakage. Yours on 5 day trial—your money back if you **BREAK** it! Has Nite-Glo numerals, sweep-second hand, unbreakable crystal. Number 260. Tax paid price—  
**a real bargain . . . . . 5.98**

## DAINTY SPORTEX

**For Active Women!**

Ideal watch for active women, typists, nurses, housewives, or just school girls. Sturdy, accurate & feminine looking. Sweep-second hand, luminous numbers & hands for easy night reading. Eye appealing color of sterling silver. Dainty yet durable nylon cord with metal loops. You'll wear this watch with pride year after year. Looks and actually works like much more expensive timepieces. Come see it if in town! You'll fall in love with it. Mail orders filled promptly. Order by No. 218. Tax included price only . . . . . **5.98**

## ARISTO

**Newest 1954 Style!**

Latest word for smart styling for men. Smart imitation rubies & diamonds around dial. Accurate, dependable movement. White **GOLD** color effect case & matching band. Makes a terrific impression everywhere . . . looks like a \$100.00 timepiece & it's accurate too! Compare with watches selling for much more — see if you can tell the difference! Don't let our low price confuse you. It has real quality! Order by No. 203. Price, including federal tax, only . . . . . **5.98**

## "MAGIC BRAIN" Sports Watch

Amazing, uncanny watch with "mechanical brain" answers questions on distance & speed of fast cars, planes, horses. Measures distance and times sports, photos, lightning, pulse beats, etc. Handsome! Precision made! Wins admiration everywhere. Has features not found in more expensive watches. **2 PUSH BUTTONS** start & stop movement; telemeter & tachymeter dials; split-second calibrations. Numbers & hands glow at night; unbreakable crystal; centre sweep second. Instructions and metal-flex band included. No. 236. Add 54¢ tax. Total . . . . . **5.98**

**TAKE YOUR PICK—TRY AT OUR RISK!**

**Unlimited  
Guarantee**  
EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS

Repairs on watches. If ever needed, absolutely **FREE**. Never a charge for labor, handling, adjusting, etc. for the **LIFETIME** of this firm! You can rely on **THORESEN**—because we make life-time friends!

Any watch sent on 5-DAY FREE TRIAL—you must be delighted or your money back without questions asked!

**NOW — LESS THAN SWISS  
RETAIL PRICE! DIRECT FROM  
IMPORTER TO YOU!**

None sold to dealers! No agents! No jobbers! You actually pay **LESS** than if you went to Switzerland itself for these quality watches! Written **GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE** as shown at left given with every watch. Also included a fine stretch band and gift box! You have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose! Send **COUPON** today.

**U.S. Diamond House**  
Dept. 38-C-200  
352 Fourth Avenue  
New York 10, N.Y.

**MAIL AT ONCE!**

**U.S. Diamond House, Dept. 38-C-200**

**352 Fourth Ave. (Near 25th) New York 10, N.Y.**

RUSH watch(es) checked below on 5 day trial, with money back **GUARANTEE** if I am not fully satisfied.

☐ Payment enclosed. \$ send prepaid. ☐ Send COD plus postage.

☐ No. 260—Shock Resistor

☐ No. 203—Aristo

☐ No. 218—Ladies' Sportex

☐ No. 236—"Magic Brain"

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# I'LL GIVE YOU...

## THESE AUTO SEAT COVERS AS A BONUS!

And pay you well besides if you will show them and take orders from car owners in spare time only!

**Just 1 sale  
a day can pay  
you up to \$16.50  
daily in profits!**



**No experience—no investment needed to succeed  
and make really big money right from the start...**

Stop fooling around with hard to sell items... get the exciting new Key Auto Seat Cover Line and step into BIG MONEY overnight! Every car owner is your red hot prospect... there are thousands near your home! Get easy, big profit orders full time or spare time. Expertly tailored, perfect fitting Key Seat Covers for any make or model car. EXCLUSIVE NEW MATERIALS AND PATTERNS; new ideas galore, including sensational new BAMBOO fabric shown above. Smash all objections, write on-the-spot orders the instant you quote KEY's amazing low prices. No experience needed. NO INVESTMENT. Just rush coupon with name and address; we'll send big FREE self-selling sales outfit at once. Just show it to pocket up to \$16.50 on orders that take only moments to write. EXTRA! Bonus Seat Covers worth \$50.00... our gift to you! Mail coupon NOW!

KEY PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 9943, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago 10, Ill.

**THIS BIG  
MONEY-  
MAKING  
OUTFIT  
GIVEN  
FREE**

Send NO MONEY—JUST  
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS  
ON COUPON AT LEFT...  
**MAIL TODAY!**



Here is everything you need to make up to \$16.50 and more in spare hours... lots more in full time... taking orders for KEY Auto Seat Covers. Complete demonstration sales outfit GIVEN FREE. Includes actual fabric and material samples. WRITE TODAY... use handy coupon at left!

**RUSH NAME FOR FREE OUTFIT!**

KEY PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 9943  
800 N. Clark St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Rush Free Sample Outfit at once. (If  
you own a car include the following  
information):

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Make \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ Model \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_